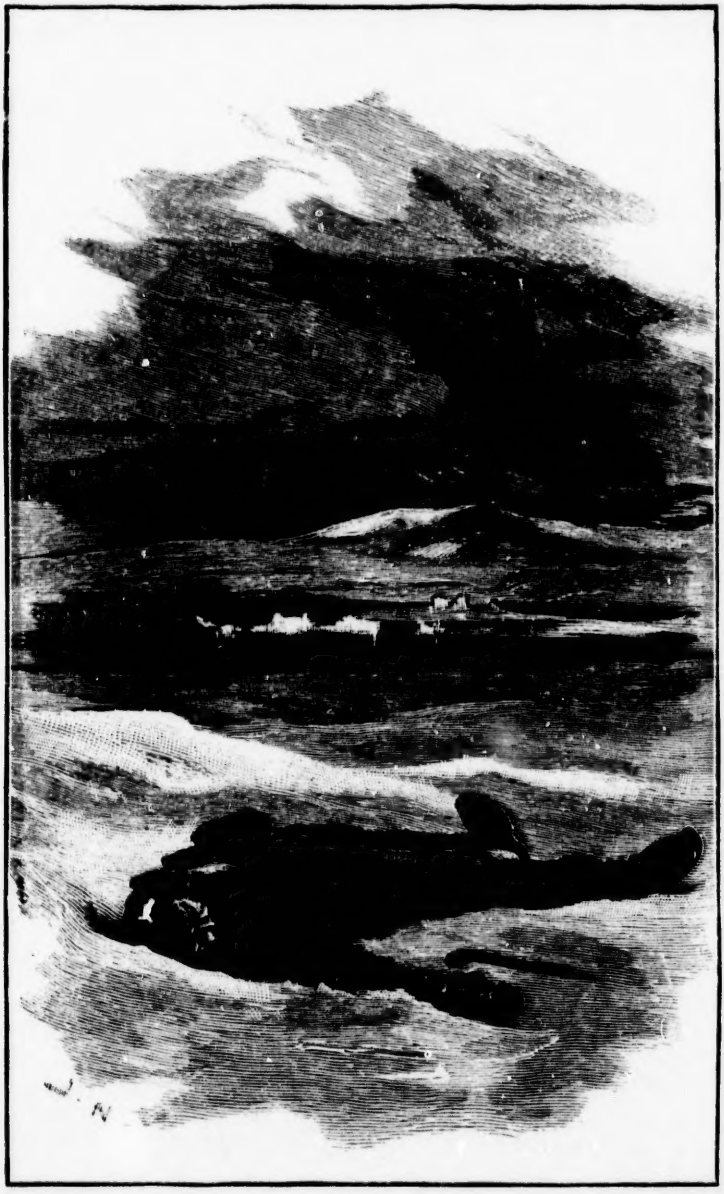

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TWO YEARS

IN

THE REGION OF ICEBERGS,

AND

WHAT I SAW THERE.

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

In the year of our Lord 1882 I was appointed to the Mission of the Strait of Belle Isle, in the Diocese of Newfoundland. This Mission embraces the whole of the Northern and a portion of the Eastern coast of Newfoundland, together with about forty miles of the coast of Labrador, which is separated from Newfoundland by the Strait of Belle Isle, distant across at its narrowest point about nine miles. The Mission is composed of fifty-two settlements, which extend over a coast-line of about two hundred miles. Here I lived and worked for a period exceeding two years; my experience of which, together with a considerable amount of information regarding the countries in which my work as a Missionary lay, gathered in many instances from the inhabitants, forms the subject of the following pages

TWO YEARS

IN THE

REGION OF ICEBERGS.

PHYSICAL FEATURES.

THE Island of Newfoundland was discovered by Cabot, an Italian seaman, in A.D. 1497, and is of all her colonies the nearest to England, being distant therefrom about 1,700 miles. It lies between 46° 30′, and 51° 39′ North latitude, and 52° 38′ and 59° 25′ West longitude. It will be seen therefore that the severity of its climate is due to some other cause than its position Northward, as we shall see hereafter. Its greatest length from North to South is about 300 miles; its average breadth about 130 miles, being almost equal in size to England. Its area is about 40.000 square miles.

The coast of Newfoundland and Labrador is

extremely irregular, and is everywhere indented with numberless creeks and harbours, some of which are both safe and picturesque, affording at once shelter to the storm-driven mariner, and rich feasts for the lover of Nature. The scenery along the coast is, for the most part, of a rugged nature, consisting principally of bold and magnificent cliffs, and low, flat, uninteresting rocks in endless monotony. The former are truly grand; but it it hard to tell when they exhibit their greatest beauty and grandeur.

The most interesting natural features of Newfoundland and Labrador are the bays, most of which are truly magnificent and of great extent. It is in them that Nature reveals herself in most varied beauty. Picturesque coves and creeks, wooded to the water's edge; sporting seals which ever and anon pop up their little black heads as if to admire the beautiful scene, and add unconsciously to the picture; black-capped islands, thickly populated with screaming seabirds; stately hills, wooded to the summit; and beautiful lights: these all combine to produce a scene of impressive loveliness and beauty.

The interior is divided between forest, mountain, pond, and marsh. The forests frequently cover large tracts of land, and, in some instances, yield good timber. The mountain ranges are inconsiderable. The lakes, locally called ponds, are innumerable, covering about one-third of the

entire surface of the country. They are frequently of great size, varying from ten to forty miles in length, while what is known as the Grand Pond is sixty miles in length. In some of the larger ponds seals are found in considerable numbers. The marshes, or "meshes" of the inhabitants, abound. The interior is entirely uncultivated; and, notwithstanding all that enthusiasts have written and said to the contrary, is, I fear, incapable of cultivation, at least of such extensive cultivation as *Times'* correspondents and others have suggested. A few farms, if such they deserve to be called, are found in the immediate neighbourhood of S. John's, the capital, on the shores of Trinity and Bonavista Bays, on the South-East coast, and in Codroy and Bay S. George on the South-West coast.

Gardens are to be found everywhere, and in some parts of the island are cultivated with satisfactory results. Potatoes, cabbage, and other familiar vegetables are produced all over the island in larger or smaller quantities. In the North, the season is far too short to admit of any great success being obtained in horticulture. The frost is never out of the ground until April or May anywhere in the island; and in the North no gardening can be done before the end of May at the earliest. And, even after plants have shot their green leaves above the ground, they are frequently cut down and ruined

by frost, which is not an infrequent visitor throughout the Summer months. It will therefore be seen how difficult it is to rear vegetables in this country. It has been said with great truth of Newfoundland, "The *ingrata tellus* scantily repays the husbandman's toil." I have noticed that the radish, lettuce, turnip, and cabbage are the only vegetables that thrive well in the North. I remember seeing the most beautiful bed of lettuces I ever saw at a Hudson's Bay Company's settlement, 250 miles to the Northward on the coast of Labrador, in the Summer of 1882. In the South and West the conditions of the climate differ, making the weather at all times less severe than in the North.

CLIMATE.

An old Newfoundlander, who had received his education in England, observed to me a short time ago, in contrasting the climate of the country of his birth with that of England, "Here we get nine months' Winter and three months' cold weather." This estimate, although very severe, is not altogether false, as I shall presently show from personal experience. In 1883-4 snow fell in every month from September to June inclusive. On Sunday, May 25, we were visited by a severe snowstorm. It was calculated that the fall of snow on that day was greater than on any occasion throughout the previous Winter. Snow began to fall at 5 A.M., and it continued without intermission until midnight. In many places there were drifts of five and six feet in depth. Again, on the 13th of June, snow fell heavily at intervals throughout the day. This was preceded by a severe frost on the 12th. On the morning of the 14th inst. snow covered the ground to a considerable depth. The weather

throughout these months was bitterly cold. From December to March it might truthfully be said the thermometer was rarely, if ever, above zero; while during that time it fell to thirty degrees below. It does not always happen that snow falls either in May or June, but the weather in those months is rarely warm. July and August are the hottest months of the year; but in August, 1883, it froze hard enough on one occasion to spoil everything in the gardens; moreover the salt water was frozen in calm coves. In December, usually about Christmas-tide, the sea becomes a solid ice-field, and a general death-like stillness prevails. To a stranger the sudden transformation which takes place seems most wonderful and fascinating, as indeed it is. What was yesterday an angry turbulent sea, to-day is a field of pure and beautiful ice, while the waters beneath are wrapt in a deep slumber, calm and still. The ice is either formed in the Strait or driven thither by heavy winds from the North along the coast of Labrador.

The weather, which up to this time has been a mixture of snow, storm, rain, and wind, becomes fine and bright; while the cold, which before was great, becomes more intense, but in an equal degree more pleasant and invigorating.

The prevailing Winter winds are North-Westerly and Easterly: with the former comes the

cold weather, the latter always brings snow. If at any time during the Winter the wind should veer to the South or South-West, rain will inevitably follow, a welcome visitor in the midst of the stern unyielding frost. The snow which falls at intervals throughout the Winter rarely exceeds a depth of five or six feet on the level; drifts are often fifteen and twenty feet in height. It not unfrequently happens that the heaviest falls of snow—called "batches" by the inhabitants—are accompanied by gales of wind. The weather at such times is said to be "rough," a word which strikes terror into the stoutest heart. There is little to be surprised at in this. None but those who have experienced rough weather can understand its danger. If a person is so unfortunate as to be overtaken by it, unless he is accompanied by a skilful pilot, or is perfectly *certain*—which few are at such times, of his position, nothing but the guidance of the Great Father can save him from a terrible death. I have listened to the most heartrending instances of persons who have thus lost their lives. The following I think especially sad.

A zealous clergyman of the Church of England was summoned to the deathbed of a parishioner who resided at some distance from the parsonage. The good pastor hastened to obey the summons and was soon on his way to

the scene of death. His way lay across an extensive bay, which, as it was Winter, was frozen. The journey was accomplished in safety, and spiritual consolation was administered to the dying. After partaking of refreshment the clergyman began his journey homeward. The weather, though cold, was quite fine. After covering about half the distance the weather suddenly changed, and it became rough. The poor bewildered traveller failed to find his home through the blinding snow, and at length, exhausted, sank and perished. In the morning he was found a frozen corpse out on the open bay.

On another occasion, two little boys, brothers, strayed a short distance from their home on a fine day in the Winter, and, as before, were overtaken by the rough weather. Their anxious parents searched for them far and near. They were finally found enfolded in each other's arms, but alas! dead.

Again, very recently a poor woman and her infant were lost on the Labrador coast within a few yards of their dwelling. At another time two men, one of whom was a young Englishman who had but recently come to the country, the other a Labrador man, undertook a long journey during the Winter on the coast of Labrador near Sandwich Bay. They were accompanied by a team of dogs and a kammutik. They

had accomplished a considerable portion of the journey, and at nightfall were within a few miles of their destination. The weather grew rough and intensely cold. The Englishman complained of the cold and showed signs of fatigue, to the dismay of his older companion, who knew that their only means of safety was in going forward. To stop, or even to ride on the kammutik, at such a time would be fatal. The poor man, utterly exhausted, refused to walk, and, sorely against his companion's will, persisted in riding. In the space of thirty minutes he was dead. The other journeyed on with his dead companion on the kammutik, until at length a gleaming light a few yards ahead discovered to his thankful gaze his journey's end.

This incident was related to me by the survivor. The snow, driven by the wind, becomes so thick and blinding that it is impossible to see more than a few feet ahead. The most familiar objects become strange and weird, and footprints in the snow are quickly obliterated. Above, below, around, there is nothing but the awful drift whirling and eddying furiously, and threatening at every blast to freeze the life-blood in the veins of the bewildered travellers who in many instances succumb to its fearful power.

The people have told me that in case of being

overtaken the best course to pursue is to take refuge in a snow bank. Many lives have been saved in this way. An old parishioner of mine spent three days and three nights thus on one occasion. If woods are near, they are the best city of refuge; and if it happens that the traveller has a small hatchet or tomahawk and matches in his possession, without which no journey should be undertaken during the Winter, his safety is secured. Once within the sheltering woods he will kindle a fire, and so resist the severity of the weather.

December, January, and February are the coldest months of the year, during which time the weather is invariably fine and bright. It is then, when the atmosphere is rarest, that the dazzling Aurora is seen in all her plenitude of beauty. When Sol has sunk to rest, and the last gleams of daylight have faded from the Western sky, a bow of quivering light is seen in the Northern heavens. Faint at first, it gradually brightens. Soon numberless luminous arrows of a thousand hues shoot forth in ever-increasing loveliness and extent, until at length the whole sky is illumined with a resplendent tremulous glory, eclipsing the paler light of moon and stars. Its grandeur defies description; indeed I think it scarcely possible to conceive anything more enchanting or lovely than the Aurora Borealis as witnessed in Newfoundland and La-

brador on a clear frosty night. The cause of this magnificent display in the nightly firmament has puzzled the heads of the wisest, and many theories are forthcoming. Into these, however, I will not enter; I will only reiterate the well-known fact, that in regions where the cold is most intense there Aurora chooses to manifest herself in most profuse beauty.

About the end of April or the beginning of May the snow decreases, and at the end of this latter month usually disappears; the frost also becomes less hard and continuous. The beautiful season of Spring as it is in England, where Nature decks herself in garments which increase in loveliness as day follows day, is altogether unknown in Newfoundland and Labrador. Vegetation slumbers on until May, when it shoots up suddenly, quickly matures, and lives but for a too brief season.

It will reasonably be enquired why it is that the climate of Newfoundland is so much more rigorous than that of England, whose relative geographical position is nearly the same. The cause is not far to seek. It is the perpetual influence of the Polar Current, which, issuing from the Arctic Ocean and passing through Davis' Straits, flows in an almost South-Westerly direction along the shores of Labrador and Newfoundland. Continuing in almost the same direction, it washes the Canadian coast, and soon after-

wards loses its icy power by contact with the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream, whose genial influence it is that clothes the British Isles with the robe of beauty which they wear. The proverbial fog of Newfoundland, which I think has been exaggerated, is due to the mingling of the waters of the Polar Current with those of the Gulf Stream. The Polar Current it is which bears the majestic icebergs upon its bosom from their home in the far North to the shores of Newfoundland and Labrador, where they remain, some stranded and others still afloat, until they crumble before the mighty waves which wash their glassy sides. They are sometimes seen in great numbers in the Strait. In the Summer of 1883 not one appeared, which was most unusual. In the following year, however, there were hundreds, and the Strait was full of icebergs. How grand they looked in the Summer sunlight! The picture as seen from my residence made a deep impression upon me, which time cannot efface. Standing on a small grassy elevation behind our house, the following scene was presented to my eager gaze on a memorable day in the Summer of 1884. On the right hand, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the coast-line, with here and there a picturesque cove with its cluster of white-washed houses and stages; on the left, the beautiful bay of S. Barbe, with scarce a ripple on its placid surface. In the immediate fore-

ground lay the blue expansive waters of the Strait, upon whose bosom there reposed numerous massive icebergs in a deep and motionless slumber. They were of forms the most fantastic, and of all sizes. One was low, flat, and monotonous; from the rugged surface of a second there rose a spire of surpassing grace and beauty; a third might have been the abode of all the fairies of fairyland; a fourth strikingly resembled the roof of a submerged church surmounted by a Roman cross. They all sparkled merrily, and reflected the sunlight in a thousand hues. On the other side of the Strait stood the blue and stately mountains of Labrador, forming an appropriate background to the enchanting picture, whose every detail it threw out in bold and striking relief. Everywhere there reigned a deep and solemn silence, broken only by what has been called the "Sound of Summer" by an eloquent writer in a recent number of "Longman's Magazine."

But who shall describe the wild grandeur of a foundering iceberg? In the Summer of the year above mentioned, and subsequent to the event just related, I was on board a yacht which was lying at anchor in Forteau Bay in Labrador. There were in this bay no less than nine gigantic icebergs aground. One fine afternoon, while admiring these mysterious children of the North, one of the largest of them, whose

height could not have been less than one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet, took it into his icy head to perform a somersault. In a moment over he went, with a crash like thunder, hurling the sea high into the air, and lashing its smooth waters into angry waves. The exertion has apparently overcome him; see how he writhes in his vain endeavours to extricate himself from the mass of *debris* which he has strewn around him in all directions! Again he heaves his ponderous sides in a last fruitless attempt to raise his head to the lofty height from which he wantonly threw himself a moment ago. At length, baffled, he lies prostrate and motionless, evidently lamenting his having performed a feat so magnificent to our astonished and delighted gaze, but fraught with such dire consequences to himself.

Although icebergs must undoubtedly be reckoned amongst the most impressive of natural phenomena, they are nevertheless a source of great danger to the mariner, on which account, if for no other reason, their presence is not agreeable to the Newfoundlander; they are a drawback to the country, which, with all the other ills and drawbacks of Newfoundland, is attributable to the unfortunate Polar Current. But it is the appointment of Him Who "doeth all things well;" and it will be seen below how it more than compensates for the bad name I have

given it; and, notwithstanding the fact of its being the great drawback of Newfoundland, it is nevertheless emphatically the source whence arises any importance which the colony may possess.

From the icebergs we turn to a warmer subject.

THE PEOPLE.

THE aborigines of Newfoundland are now totally extinct, owing in a great measure to the cruel and treacherous treatment they received at the hands of the white man and the Mic-mac Indians. They belonged to the American race of Indians, and it is known that they called themselves Beoths; but from their habit of painting themselves with red ochre, they were called Red Indians by the early settlers of the country. They lived chiefly on the products of the chase. Nothing is known with any degree of certainty of their religion. A Florentine writer of the sixteenth century speaks of them as barbarous and savage, and that they worshipped the heavenly bodies. Dr. Mullock, a late learned Roman Catholic Bishop of S. John's, to whose two lectures on Newfoundland I am indebted for some interesting information regarding the aboriginal tribes of Terra Nova says, with reference to this subject, "I have some slight reason to think that a remnant of these people remains in the interior of Labrador—a person told me there some time

ago, that a party of Mountaineer Indians saw at some distance (about fifty miles from the sea-coast) a party of strange Indians, clothed in long robes or cassocks of skin, who fled from them; they lost sight of them in a little time, but on coming up to their tracks they were surprised to see the length of their strides, which showed them to be of a large race, and neither Mic-mac, Mountaineer, or Esquimaux." The same writer adds, "I believe that these were the remains of the Beothic Nation; and as they never saw either a white or red man but as enemies, it is not to be wondered at that they fled. Such is the only trace I can find of the Beoths."

As reference has been made to the Mic-mac, Mountaineer, and Eskimo Indians, it may not be out of place to state a few interesting facts concerning them. The two latter are the aboriginal tribes of Labrador. The former originally came to Newfoundland from Nova Scotia, and for a time had no fixed place of residence. At a subsequent period, however, they settled and formed a colony in S. George's Bay, on the Western coast, whence they prosecute their hunting. They are a noble race of men, tall in stature, with bodies well proportioned. They are generally superior to the Mountaineer and Eskimo tribes, and live very much as the English settlers. They devote their time principally to salmon fishing and hunting. They are Chris-

tians, and members of the Roman Catholic Church.

The home of the Eskimos is on the bleak shores of Labrador and Greenland. They are short in stature, with broad features of a very dusky hue, and extremely greasy. They have been Christianized to a great extent by the indomitable zeal and perseverance of the heroic Moravian missionaries, who, during the past hundred years, have lived, worked, and given up their lives for them. Their Mission Stations on the Labrador coast are Hopedale, Zoar, Nain, Okak, Hebron, and Ramah. At these centres the missionaries reside, educating and otherwise improving the condition of the people whose welfare they so much desire. May God speed them! It is said "their religious services are very hearty, being accompanied by much singing." The Eskimos are chiefly fishermen and seal hunters, and rarely, if ever, go far into the interior.

Like that of the Eskimos the home of the Mountaineers is in Labrador. They are very similar to the former people in various ways, but of a superior build, and are neither so dark nor broad-featured. Unlike the Eskimos they live almost entirely in the interior, where they trap and hunt the caribou and fur-bearing animals. They occasionally come to the coast in pursuit of seals. The Hudson's Bay Company trade extensively with them in furs. They are

a very intelligent race, and belong to the Roman Catholic Church. There is no resident clergyman amongst them, but they are visited by a clergyman from Quebec during the Summer months. They sing well and are very devout. I have spent many very pleasant hours in the wigwam of the Mountaineer Indian. The wigwam is formed of poles, with a covering of birch rind which makes it perfectly waterproof. In the middle is the hearth, around which are the couches which Nature provides in the boughs of the fir and spruce. Upon these the people squat —old men and women, young men and maidens, boys, girls, and babies. The women are engaged in filling the insides of snow-shoes, sewing or cooking; while the men are either making the bows of snow-shoes or cleaning gun or tomahawk. The whole group, with the exception of the very youngest, smoke. Many of them speak English with tolerable fluency.

A deadly feud has existed for a lengthened period between the Mic-mac and Mountaineer tribes, arising from disputed rights of trapping in the North and West of the island. The former tribe, as I have previously stated, possessing a colony in Newfoundland, claim the exclusive right of trapping in their neighbourhood. The latter, ignoring this claim, have on several occasions crossed the Strait from Labrador to Newfoundland in considerable numbers, for the

purpose of trapping, incurring likewise the displeasure of the English settlers. However, notwithstanding this assumption of boldness, they are very much in terror of the Mic-macs, who have threatened to kill them whenever they find them.

In the Winter of 1882–3, Andrew, the chief of the Mountaineers, a fine intelligent fellow, having heard that the much-dreaded Mic-macs were on their track, in company with three or four of his followers travelled to my residence from the distant interior, where he had left his tribe. He was very much excited, and anxious for the safety of his people during his absence, fearing that their camp might be discovered, and they exterminated by their deadly foes. In broken English he begged that I (whom he called "Mr. Minister") would intercede on his behalf with the Governor of Newfoundland, that he might be afforded some security against the attacks of the Mic-macs. After some correspondence with the Colonial Government on the subject, it was found that the Mountaineers could not be debarred from hunting and trapping in Newfoundland. The belligerent parties did not subsequently meet, as the Mountaineers returned to Labrador in the Spring of 1883, and have not since appeared.

The present population of the island is wholly of British origin. A large proportion of the

early settlers came from the counties of Dorset, Devon, and Somerset. At a later period great numbers of Irish flocked to the country, and they now form an important part of the community.

The entire population is engaged in the various fisheries which Newfoundland and Labrador afford, viz. seal, codfish, salmon, caplin, and herring, of each of which I shall have something to say hereafter. Newfoundlanders, including those who come under the same denomination in Labrador, are an exceedingly hospitable and diligent people. Of their hospitality as extended to me wherever I went I cannot speak too highly, nor shall I ever allow myself to forget it. May God reward them for it!

It is surprising to see how readily and with what ease, comparatively speaking, they "turn their hands to anything," as they say, in order to supply their own wants.

In the North the original settlers, of whom many still survive, were principally farm-labourers before leaving England, a class whose originality and ingenuity are not pre-eminent and whose highest architectural aspirations but seldom soared above fashioning a turnip-lantern. But transplantation to a country where there was absolutely nothing to be obtained but by their own individual exertions, transformed these country bumpkins into carpenters, boat-builders,

netters, foresters, fishermen, coopers, blacksmiths, and sawyers; their worthy dames too developing into shoemakers, tailors, dressmakers, spinners, soap-boilers, starch-makers, and possessing besides a host of useful accomplishments, in auctioneering parlance, too numerous to mention. Better needle-women than some of the buxom wives and daughters of the North I think there could not be. Little girls of very tender years can produce work equal, if not superior in all that constitutes good needlework, to that shown to Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools by girls of the Fifth and Sixth Standards in English National Schools.

As a result of their self-dependence, albeit to a great extent enforced, the Newfoundlanders are, generally speaking, a shrewd and intelligent people, although I regret to say such a thing as improvidence is not altogether unknown amongst them. Their temporal condition is as uncertain and fluctuating as the fisheries, upon which it altogether depends. But notwithstanding the iniquitous truck system adopted by the merchants in trading with them, if only moderately provident, there need never be much want. If the fishery or fisheries more or less fail one year, a year of abundance will almost always follow, in which lost ground may be regained. It is a rare thing for an ordinary Newfoundland fisherman to possess cash, so

much is he within the power of the merchant. If the heavy weight which the truck system imposes were removed, the general condition of the Newfoundlander would rapidly and permanently improve.

Morally speaking, I think the Newfoundlanders will favourably compare with any agricultural population at home.

Few, alas! can either read or write; it will not be surprising, therefore, that this sad condition of things produces its inevitable sadder results of ignorance, superstition, and bigotry. I am pleased to observe, however, that a change for the better is rapidly taking place in this respect, in consequence of the legislative action taken by the Colonial Government in the interests of education. In the South of the island the people's educational interests have been well cared for from an early period, in the first instance by the Colonial and Continental Church Society, and latterly by the Government; but meanwhile nothing had been done for the neglected North, and it was only in 1883 that the Government awoke to a sense of their duty, and allowed the inhabitants to become recipients of the annual Education Grant, which is divided between the principal religious denominations represented in the Colony, according to the population.

On the coast of Labrador matters are, if pos-

sible, in a still worse condition. There are only three qualified teachers to be found in a coast-line of about six hundred miles, where there are numerous settlements containing a considerable population. These teachers were appointed to Church of England schools as recently as 1883. Now that a clergyman has at length taken charge of the long vacant Mission of Battle Harbour, which lies to the Northward of the Mission of the Strait of Belle Isle, and that a faint hope exists that two new clerical workers will follow him to be appointed to important settlements in that neighbourhood, it is believed that a brighter future is in store for these hitherto neglected people.

The teachers are trained in the various Academies possessed by each religious faction in S. John's. That belonging to the Church of England is presided over by a clergyman * who is also Precentor of the Cathedral.

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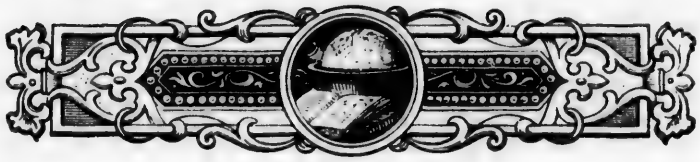
* The Rev. J. F. Phelps, who has since left the country and is now Perpetual Curate of Bosley in Cheshire.



RELIGION.

THE Church of England, Roman Catholic, and Wesleyan are the principal religious bodies represented in the Colony of Newfoundland. According to the census * of 1874, they relatively numbered 59,561, 64,317, and 35,702, leaving 1,794 to be divided between Baptists, Unitarians, Presbyterians, and others of the "Babel of the Sects."

The Roman Church has two bishops in the island, whose respective Sees derive their titles from S. John's and Harbour Grace, a town of considerable importance in Conception Bay. Its clergy are for the most part natives of the colony, the remainder are chiefly Irishmen. I found them, as well as the members of their flocks with whom I had anything to do, most kind, hospitable, and universally respectful. Their zeal for, and devotion to, the faith is here, as elsewhere, conspicuous.

Methodism is rapidly increasing in the colony, and at the present time the phase of religion which

* According to the last census, which was taken in 1884, the numbers were, roughly, 69,000, 76,000, and 50,000.

it represents is extremely popular amongst the fisher-folk. Revivals are frequent, and Moody and Sankey's hymns are generally used; indeed it is to these latter that the success of Methodism in Newfoundland is to a considerable extent due.

The Church of England in Newfoundland is presided over by one bishop, whose legal title is, "The Bishop of Newfoundland," and as such his lordship takes precedence of other prelates resident in the colony. The episcopal residence is in S. John's. The large and unwieldy Diocese of Newfoundland includes, besides the island itself, a considerable part of the "pitiless coast of Labrador" as well as the fairy Bermudian isles. The Northern portion of the Diocese is divided into eight Rural Deaneries, viz. of Avalon, which includes S. John's and seven Missions; Conception Bay with eight Missions; Trinity Bay with five Missions; Bonavista Bay with four Missions; Notre Dame Bay with six Missions; Placentia Bay with three Missions; Fortune Bay with seven Missions; and the Strait of Belle Isle with five Missions, including those on the coast of Labrador. The senior priest of each Deanery is ex-officio Rural Dean.

The number of clergy at the present time (1884) is forty-two, six of whom work in the capital.

A Synod of the Church of England is held

biennially in the capital under the presidency of the bishop, or, in his absence, the Episcopal Commissary who resides in S. John's. Notwithstanding the great distances at which some of the clergy reside from the capital, and the difficulty often experienced in getting there, they nearly all assemble for the Synod, an event to which they look forward with pleasure.

How full of hardships and incessant toil are the lives of the bishop and clergy of the Diocese of Newfoundland has been abundantly shown in the most interesting memoir of Bishop Field, by the Rev. H. W. Tucker of the S.P.G.

Since the decease of that saintly and truly apostolic prelate, the Diocese has been presided over by Bishops Kelly and Jones. The former, who was coadjutor to the late Bishop Field, *cum jure successionis*, resigned after a year's tenure of his office, and is now assistant bishop to the Primus of Scotland; the latter is at present the much-respected and deservedly-popular Bishop of Newfoundland, being appointed and consecrated in 1878. His lordship is very sympathetic and warm-hearted, and the clergy know and love him as a faithful friend and a true Father in God. A staunch but liberal Churchman, hospitable and hard-working, Bishop Jones proves himself to be a not unworthy successor of the great Bishop of Newfoundland who has passed to his well-won rest in Paradise.

Every alternate year the bishop makes a visitation voyage which usually extends over three months, beginning in July. His lordship so arranges these voyages as to admit of his being in S. John's in the Synod year. The Winter following the Summer in which the Synod is held the bishop spends in Bermuda.

The life and work of the Newfoundland clergy vary with the locality of their Mission. In the South, where are the chief centres of population, they need not differ materially from those of an English parish priest. In the North and West, however, where the population is thin and scattered, the Missions are of necessity large and unwieldy, and the life and work of the clergy are therefore much harder and of a more distinctly missionary character.

The various settlements can only be visited in the Summer by boat, and in Winter either on foot or by means of kammutik and dogs. During these times of visitation, which are not infrequent, the missionary has to be content with hard fare and oftentimes rough lodgings; but he will rarely have to seek a hearty welcome, and this makes up for all. The fare usually consists of salt pork, duff, molasses, tea, and codfish; on which the changes are rung from January to December in each year. Sometimes game is available during the Winter, in Summer less rarely.

The missionary at all times carries a knapsack

containing surplice, cassock, stole, books, brushes, and other indispensables. He will seldom be allowed to travel alone, as there is frequently a man ready to accompany him to the next settlement in the places he visits. He usually spends one or more nights at each settlement. During his short stay he is careful to visit every house in the place, and for each family he will have a special message of warning, exhortation, or comfort. He will probably distribute Hymn and Prayer-books, tracts, and other wholesome reading matter. He never omits the daily services of the Church, during which he performs the necessary baptisms, receptions, churchings, and marriages. The Holy Communion is usually celebrated where there are communicants.

The visits of the clergyman are always looked forward to with great joy by the settlers, and the days on which he comes are regarded as red-letter days in their monotonous and uneventful calendar.

The clergyman of the Church of England is known as the "Minister;" of the Church of Rome as the "Priest," and of the Wesleyan or any of the dissenting bodies as the "Preacher."

The Summer work of the missionary, although often attended with great risk and danger, is, as far as my own experience goes, the most pleasant. Winter peregrinations, with the thermometer miles below zero, are sometimes a little trying. It must

be allowed that Winter is the best season for work, as the people have then a good deal of leisure. The long nights afford good opportunities for services, confirmation classes, and other means of edification. Moreover, in consequence of the ice which covers sea and pond, distances are frequently shortened, and the inhabitants are thus enabled to get to church on foot. Crossing the frozen bays is sometimes a hazardous proceeding, and care must be exercised if accidents are to be avoided. Especially is this the case soon after the ice forms, and just before it thaws. On New Year's Eve, 1882, which that year fell on a Sunday, while crossing one of these bays on my way to say Evensong in a school-chapel of my Mission, the ice, which was apparently sound and good, suddenly broke under me, and down I went. I had my enormous racquets, or snow-shoes, on at the time, which greatly increased the danger of my perilous position. I clung firmly to the edge of the unbroken ice, which fortunately sustained my weight, and after a prolonged struggle in the icy water I managed to crawl upon the treacherous ice, but there was still the probability of a recurrence of the accident; however, in a short time I reached the land in safety. I proceeded to the school-chapel in my wet clothes which were even now beginning to stiffen with the keen frost, said the service, and

preached a sermon, much against the wishes of the people, who declared that to remain any length of time in my frozen garments would be "the death of me." Subsequent experience taught me that I acted most unwisely in disregarding their good advice. Service being over I rushed off to the nearest house, and soon found myself in the embrace of the warmest hospitality, and in the borrowed garments of a stalwart fisherman. Whilst crossing the bay I was followed at the distance of about a hundred yards by an aged man on his way to service. Just as I went through the ice I heard the venerable church-goer exclaim, in a tone of great consternation, "The minister's fell through!" and on turning round I beheld him, to my great amusement, hobbling back to the land as fast as his dear old legs could carry him. Events proved I was none the worse for my ducking.

The stipends of the clergy outside the capital are for the most part miserably insufficient, rarely exceeding £150 currency per annum; the current pound being about sixteen shillings sterling. A large number of the Missions of the Church of England are entirely supported by the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, who make the poor Diocese of Newfoundland a special object of their fostering care and solicitude. The people are everywhere expected to contribute towards the support of

their clergy, but as their contributions fluctuate with the fisheries, they are therefore not to be depended upon.

There is a Theological College in S. John's, where young men are trained for the life and work of "priests in the Church of God." It has an endowment fund, which pays the stipend of the Principal and also partly supports the students, who, in return for the aid thus afforded them, pledge themselves to serve a certain period—seven years, I believe—in the Diocese of Newfoundland. The Principal is usually a graduate of an English University, and in priests' orders. The college, which has proved of incalculable service to the Diocese, owes its foundation and endowment to the exertions of the ever-memorable Bishop Field.

Ordinations are periodically held in the Cathedral of the Diocese, and in various outharbour churches of easy access from the capital. The examining chaplains are regularly appointed by the bishop, and for purposes of convenience are usually chosen from the clergy resident in S. John's. The bishop will not admit any clergyman to the order of priests who has not served a diaconate of two years in the Diocese. This admirable rule is almost universally adopted in Colonial Sees.

A word as to the ecclesiastical buildings.

As will be expected in a country where timber abounds, the churches, with a few exceptions, are built of wood, style not being considered. Indeed I think it would puzzle the brains of a Wren or a Scott to identify the architectural style of the majority of Newfoundland churches. In the capital there are two English churches in addition to the cathedral, which are respectively dedicated to S. Mary and S. Thomas; the former is built of stone, the latter of wood. The cathedral, which is of course built of stone, will be a magnificent pile when completed*. It is said to be the most perfect specimen of Gothic Art in North America. It is built after the plan of the late Sir Gilbert Scott. The nave was completed during the lifetime of Bishop Field; the chancel, transepts, and tower, are being rapidly added as a memorial to that prelate. The only other ecclesiastical edifices worthy of note in the island are the Roman Catholic Cathedrals of S. John's and Harbour Grace. There is no regularly organised staff attached to the Cathedral of the Church of England. The Bishop is rector of the cathedral parish, and is assisted by two curates, precentor, succentor, organist, choirmaster, and choir, which last is surpliced. Matins and Evensong are said daily in the cathedral, and there are also weekly and Saints'-

* It was completed and consecrated in the Summer of 1885.

day celebrations of the Holy Communion. The out-harbour churches being for the most part wooden structures of more or less excellence, call for no special comment. The services are necessarily of a poor and meagre character, but not, on that account we hope, less pleasing to the Great Father. The clergy, as a rule, carry on their work under great disadvantages.

Choirs are not numerous in the Diocese, and even where they exist they are, with one or two exceptions, mixed; but I hear matters are improving in this respect. There is generally a musical instrument of some description to be found in the churches and school-chapels, which is put to the best possible use by the clergyman or his lay reader. There was no choir in my own Mission, and teaching the people hymns was really a work of difficulty, as both the words and music had to be committed to memory; few, as I have before observed, being able to read. My plan was, first to teach the members of each family separately the hymn itself, line by line, sometimes word by word, and being satisfied that the whole district knew it, began again and taught the tune in a similar manner. When both hymn and tune were known by all, it was sung in church. In this way I managed to teach at least a dozen hymns and their tunes in the

space of two years. I found this plan very helpful, one result being that it gave each member of the congregation an opportunity of joining in the singing, which they rarely missed. My services were therefore invariably hearty.

In my experience of the people I have not found very great reason to admire their musical ability as a whole. There are but few "musicianers," as they say, amongst them. Beyond a small band of enthusiasts in the capital, who have formed themselves into a Choral Society, and who, be it said, gave a successful rendering of Sterndale Bennett's incomparable "May Queen" in 1883, there are few in the island who possess any lofty musical aspirations. I write as I have found.

I remember—shall I ever forget?—on one occasion, when visiting a family in my Mission for the first time, the mother wished me to hear her children sing some school songs which they knew. Being a lover of music I was very glad to accede to her request. But had I known what was in store for me I would have suffered almost anything rather than have done so. The united offspring invariably began the tunes (!), of which I was informed they sang (!!) several—I thought it was *one* tune with variations—in the major mode, and after wading languidly through every possible

and impossible key and modulation, finished up with a moan in an unmistakeably minor strain. The only words I could hear with any distinctness during the performance, which extended over twenty minutes—it seemed as many hours to me—were, "Oh! Mary had a little lamb," which excellent female and her doubtless worthy lamb seemed to be the perpetual theme of these unfortunate children's whinings. I gave them credit for having, at least, done their best. I was ever after on my guard on every occasion, and if at any time a fond parent enlarged upon the musical attainments of her offspring, I lost no time in changing the subject, and spoke of the weather or of the "everlasting cod."

An aged man in my district was the proud possessor of a venerable barrel-organ, which must have been Jubal's first attempt in organ-building. It was at once the wonder and delight of the men, women, and children of the neighbourhood, who used to flock either to hear or grind a tune from its ancient and well-worn pipes. One fact would seem to militate against its having passed through Jubal's hands,—with a great deal of persuasion this instrument would produce "God save the Queen," with variations. But on the other hand, no one seems to know anything with certainty as to the authorship of the tune in question. Shall I therefore be

said to be wanting in critical acumen if I ascribe it to Jubal?

One sometimes met an accordion or a concertina on one's parochial rounds, which were sacred to Moody and Sankey's hymns *et hoc genus omne*. The fiddle was much commoner, being in great demand for "weddin' sprees," as they are called. There were always one or more recognised fiddlers in each district who were engaged for wedding feasts, the musicians aforesaid generally receiving remuneration for their valuable services.

Penny tin-whistles and Jews' harps were not altogether unknown in the icy region of Newfoundland and Labrador. There lived a merry old dame of sixty years in my Mission who was without exception the cheeriest old body I ever knew, who made the Jews' harp her special study; and it was really surprising to hear with what facility she blew out jigs and reels from its wiry sides to the immense delight of the children. This same old worthy used to carve wooden birds, and paint them so lifelike, that they have been fired at in the water and on land for the genuine article.

My American organ was an unfailing source of enjoyment to the people, who sometimes came from long distances to hear me play. "Yankee Doodle;" "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching;" and latterly, "My Grandfather's

Clock," were the favourite tunes. "We can understand them, Sir," they used to say.

On one occasion, while returning from an angling expedition, on which I was accompanied by a small boy of eight years old, we were both attracted by the sweet warbling of a little sparrow. On looking round we beheld it perched on the topmost branch of a small spruce tree. My little companion, who had a pair of bewitching brown eyes, gazed attentively at the feathered songster for a moment or two, and then, looking up in my face with a countenance brim full of thought, enquired so prettily, "Do he sing hymns, Mr. Lloyd?"

THE FISHERIES.

I SHALL now proceed to fulfil my promise of giving a brief account of the various fisheries which constitute the wealth of Newfoundland. And first as to the Seal fishery.

In the Autumn of each year large numbers of seals leave their home in the far North, and are seen passing through the Strait of Belle Isle towards the West in pursuit of the herring, which now begin to seek their Winter quarters in the large bays on either side of the Gulf of S. Lawrence.

As I have said, the ice forms on the sea about the end of December. In March the seals whelp on the ice thus provided for them by the almighty power of a beneficent Creator. The ice is now no longer the dreary, lifeless waste it has hitherto presented, but is alive with a teeming population of young seals, whose bleating—which strikingly resembles that of a lamb—and that of the parents, who are fishing in the pools of water between the ice blocks, can be heard for miles, reminding one forcibly of a sheepfold. The whelping season usually extends from the 1st

to the 10th of March. The infant seals are spotlessly white for the first three weeks of their existence, after which they begin to assume the more sombre hues of maturity. During this period, in which they never leave the ice, they are known as "white coats." They are in their prime about the 20th of March—the oil they produce at that time being paler than at any other time, and therefore of more value.

Early in March of each year a large fleet of steamers leaves S. John's for the purpose of sealing on the ice, each vessel carrying from 150 to 300 men. Enormous numbers of seals are captured by these large crews, one vessel frequently securing as many as 40,000 of these valuable animals. The Dundee sealing fleet also arrives about this time. The seals are either shot or "batted." A man is kept at the fore-masthead on the look out for seals soon after meeting the ice. When a "spot of seals" is discovered the scene presented is a very busy one. The men leave their vessel like bees from a hive, and return at intervals throughout the day with "turns" of seals. The captains of the "ice-hunting" steamers, as they are called, are allowed a certain sum on every seal they secure, and in this way they often amass considerable wealth in a remarkably short time.

The Northern Newfoundlanders often run great risks in seal hunting. They walk out over the

"standing ice" which lies along the coast to a distance of three, four, or more miles, to what is known as the "running ice," i.e. that which lies in the current of the Strait, and which is always in motion. This running ice does not, like the standing ice, consist of an extensive unbroken field, but is split up into small floes, or "pans," as they are called, of all sizes and shapes.

The "white coats" are found on these pans, and are obtained with considerable risk and difficulty. When seals are sighted on this running ice, what a rush there ensues to the slaughter! What leaping from pan to pan, some of which look scarce able to sustain the weight of a fly! But so swiftly and lightly do the hunters cross them that they invariably pass in perfect safety. Their agility in this respect, as I have witnessed it, is truly amazing. Their little victims rarely attempt to escape, indeed they do not seem to notice the approach of the murderer with his deadly bat. I have heard seal hunters, of feelings more humane than the rest, confess that it always pained them to kill these innocent little creatures, whose upturned tearful eyes seemed to implore for mercy. When killed the felts are hastily taken off; and when a sufficient number for hauling, generally from three to six, has been secured, they are tied together at the hinder flippers; a rope is then at-

tached to the heap of felts, and in this manner they are hauled ashore. If seals are plentiful, as many as three or four such journeys are made in a day. This is the hardest of all the hard work the people have to do, but it is also the most remunerative.

It not unfrequently happens, when the hunters are a considerable distance off on the ice, that the wind suddenly veers and blows off the land. This separates large portions of ice from the main body of the standing ice, which are instantly carried away by the force of the wind. Very exciting are the tales I have heard of the narrow escapes which different persons have had from being driven to sea on pieces of the broken ice. In 1884 one man was carried off in this way, and all hope of finding and rescuing him was abandoned. Providentially, however, when about five miles out, the wind changed, and the piece of ice upon which he stood was blown in again to the standing ice, albeit a long distance from his home. He soon regained the land, and walked home, to the mingled delight and astonishment of his friends. Would that it always happened thus! Several unfortunate men, one only quite recently, have been driven off in this way never to return. Sad experience has taught the seal hunter the peril in which he places himself in order to capture the seals; of late years therefore, in

case of any emergency, small light boats specially constructed are hauled off to the edge of the running ice by means of kammutik and dogs, whence they are easily launched either to save a life, if possible, or to obtain the seals which are shot in the water.

I made the following entry in my diary on Thursday, April 24, 1883. "In the afternoon I accompanied Mr. G—— out to the running ice, where his men were seal hunting. Our way lay over and between huge blocks of ice which were lying about in the wildest profusion, being heaped up to a great height by the action of heavy winds from time to time. Many of these ice-blocks were from ten to fifteen feet thick. We walked out a mile and a-half before seeing the hunters. At length we espied them sitting in small groups on the tops of the ice-blocks, gun and bat in hand, on the look-out for seals either on the ice or in the water. They resembled military outposts or reconnoitring parties. I remained out for an hour, but during that time, to my great disappointment, not a single seal was seen."

Another mode of capturing seals is by means of long deep nets which are sunk in a neighbourhood known to be frequented by these animals. The nets are heavily leaded on the foot or bottom, and are placed in a perpendicular position on the bottom of the sea, the

head or upper side of the net being supported by floats. The seals always dive to the bottom to obtain their food, except when they are fortunate enough to meet a shoal of herrings, and are thus taken in the nets.

The third and last, and to my mind the most scientific mode of catching the seal, remains to be noticed. When the ice which during the Winter filled the Gulf of S. Lawrence and the Strait of Belle Isle has disappeared, the seals, whose Autumnal migration to the Westward has been noticed, together with their young, begin the return journey to their home in the far North. During the performance of these interesting journeys Northward and Westward, the seals usually avoid the deep water and follow the coast-line, or "trim the shore," as the people say. They come quite near the land.

Immediately they begin to "run" the "frames" are put out. A frame consists of three nets of the same depth as the water in which they are placed. They vary in length according to the distance the seals run from the shore. They are often eighty and a hundred fathoms in length. The frame is placed in the run of the seals in the form of a square, the two side nets being safely secured to the shore by means of a ring bolt. A stout rope is attached to the foot of the nets, on which heavy leads are hung in order to sink them to the bottom; the head

is supported by means of floats, which are usually small kegs painted white so that they may resemble pieces of ice. The nets are variously named. That which runs parallel with the land is known as the "barrier;" that on the right side the "stop-net;" that on the left as the "heave-up net." This last-mentioned net is the special feature of the frame. The barrier and stop-net are always kept floating in a perpendicular position by means of the above-mentioned floats; but the heave-up net is not so supported, the reason for which will immediately appear. It is attached to a capstan by means of a thick rope or "road" which runs along the entire length of the head; meanwhile rests on the bottom, ready to be lifted at a moment's notice. When a seal is seen approaching, the man, boy, or girl who is placed in charge of the frame rushes to the capstan from the watchhouse, and waits breathlessly for the appearance of the seal who has dived, hoping that he will rise within the square of the frame. He has passed over the heave-up net; he dives again; round goes the capstan; the heave-up net is in position, and the seal, who seems to realise the peril of his position in his wild and frantic efforts to get free, is a captive. But he may yet escape over the barrier. In order therefore the more effectually to keep the ensnared seal, as soon as his head appears

above water, a gun is discharged at him which nearly always has the immediate effect of driving him into the meshes of the net where he is soon entangled and drowned.

When a school of seals is enclosed in the frame it is quite exciting to see how they splash and dash in their mad attempts to escape the heavy fire which is being poured upon them from the land. At length the last has disappeared, and the nets writhe under their precious burdens. A boat arrives and the seals are finally secured. The heave-up net is again allowed to sink until the next seal pops up his little head within the deadly frame.

The carcases of the old seals are salted and preserved for Winter food for dogs, excepting the flippers, hearts, and kidneys, which are eaten by the people with great relish. Of the young seals nothing is left for the dogs, the entire carcase being consumed by the people. Although extremely dark the flesh of the seal is not by any means unpleasant. The flippers are excellent; I have frequently eaten them with much enjoyment. The greater number of the skins is sold to the trader, these are merely salted and rolled together. The people always keep a sufficient number for Indian boots, mocassins, and many other purposes; these have to be elaborately preserved or cured. They are first spread out to dry, the flesh side

being uppermost: after a few days, the particles of flesh left on are easily removed. They are then placed in water, where they remain for three weeks. This process is necessary in order the more easily to remove the hair. When this has been done the denuded skins are treated to a pickle bath over night, whence they are removed and placed in a preparation of bark. They remain in the bark for a week, and finally are dried in the sun. They are now ready for use.

The women, in the first instance taught by Indians, make the sealskin boots and mocassins. The former are long, and reach just below the knee, where they are tied by means of deer-skin straps. The toes and heels are sometimes worked very beautifully indeed. They are worn with two pair of thick swan-skin vamps. They are perfectly warm, and the acme of comfort. Without these pliable boots walking in snow-shoes would be an impossibility. The women and girls as a rule wear the mocassins, which are similar in all respects, but the length of the legs, to the boots; they are laced up in the usual way. When deer-skin is scarce snow-shoes are usually filled with sealskin. The marketable value of a fair skin is two and a-half dollars.

In Greenland and the extreme North of Labrador, as is well known, seals constitute

the all of the Eskimo. The mode of capturing them in those regions may perhaps not be so well known. The Eskimo seal hunter, clad in his warm robes of fur, with skin boots and snow-shoes, and armed with gun or harpoon, betakes himself to the ice, and having discovered a hole of water amongst the ice blocks, he takes up a recumbent position at a convenient distance from it. Here he waits for the unwary seal, who is sure to show himself sooner or later. The seal has at length arisen, and in the twinkling of an eye the hunter's harpoon has numbered his days. An inflated skin or bladder is attached to the harpoon, which prevents the seal, when struck, from sinking.

When seals are seen lying on the ice, the Eskimo is able to crawl quite close to them, so seal-like are his cries and movements. An old Eskimo of my district was on one occasion crawling in this manner on the ice after a seal. He was seen by two of the English settlers who were also seal hunting, and they concluded that he was a seal. They crept up stealthily behind him, to get a good shot. A gun was levelled at the dear old fellow's head, when suddenly a movement more human than seal-like on the part of the imperilled Eskimo arrested the hunters' attention, and his life was saved.

In March of 1883 on two occasions I met

young seals coming from the country and crawling off in the direction of the sea. One of them had lost a hinder flipper, which seemed to have been severed from its body by a trap or some sharp instrument. The only explanation that can be given of this strange and unusual proceeding on the part of seals is, that the pools of water between the ice having been suddenly closed up by the action of the wind, they had gone in search of more. They probably mistook the black woods inland for water.

The principal varieties of seals are the square flipper, hood, harp, and harbour or bay seals. The square flipper is so called from the shape of the fore-flippers, whose several divisions are of equal length; those of the other varieties being of almost the same formation as the human hand. He is largest of all the seals, and his skin is of a light shade.

The hood is so called from his having a large fleshy excrescence on the top of his head very much resembling a hood; when angry the hood is blown up to a great size, which gives its possessor a very formidable appearance. He is often almost as large as the square flipper. His skin is spotted and very dark. The harp, so called from his having a black patch on his back very much resembling a lyre, is more delicately formed than either

of the two former, and his skin is considered the most suitable for boots and mocassins. The bay seal is the smallest of all the species, and, as his name implies, he makes his home in the various bays and creeks which indent the coast. He seems to care little for the ice, and usually whelps in some secluded spot on the beach. The bay seal is found on the East coast of England, in Scotland, and in Ireland.

THE COD FISHERY.

THE seal fishery is generally over about the middle of June, at which time the noble cod appears on the scene. The seal nets are rarely taken up before the cod "strikes the shore" or a "sign of feesh" appears. The home of the codfish is on the great Bank of Newfoundland, which has been called the "greatest submarine deposit on the face of the earth." Probably an extensive submarine island at first, it has assumed its present gigantic proportions from the continuous deposits of the arctic and equatorial currents for ages past. This bank, together with the numerous smaller banks which surround it for many hundred miles on every side, forms the great breeding and feeding ground of the cod. Throughout the Winter the cod lives in the deepest water, and the quantity taken during that season is inconsiderable. With the advancing warm weather he becomes emboldened, and seeks the shoaler waters around the coast, in pursuit of the caplin, his natural prey, which come to the shore in June in great quantities for the purpose of depositing their spawn. In their headlong flight to the shore after the

little caplin, the voracious cod, heedless of danger, are often thrown, together with their prey, in great numbers high and dry upon the land. If discovered when fresh, these stranded fish are split and cured with the rest; but this is rarely the case, and they therefore become food for dogs, sea birds, and ravens. Fish (the generic term being exclusively applied to the cod species in Newfoundland) are caught by means of hook and line, jigger, trawl, seine, nets, and trap, to each of which I will briefly refer.

By hook and line is meant nothing more than deep sea fishing, the method of which being so universally known calls for no special comment. I will only say that no one employs this, at best, slow method of catching fish, unless compelled to by stress of circumstances.

The jigger is at once the most barbarous and most destructive of all the other means employed in the cod fishing. The most barbarous in the amount of suffering it causes the fish caught, and also the great number maimed and not caught, but which subsequently die, thus making it also the most destructive. The truth of what I have said is acknowledged by all, and will appear when I have endeavoured to describe the jigger and the mode of using it. Two large-sized fishhooks are bound together by the shanks, and afterwards let in the mould of a

caplin. The lead is so run as to allow the hooks to protrude from the caplin's mouth. A fishing-line is attached, and the jigger is thrown overboard. When it touches the bottom it is drawn up to the distance of about a fathom, and then the jigging begins, i.e. the line is given a continued series of jerks. This jerking gives the leaden fish an extremely life-like movement, which attracts the cod. The unfortunate fish rush at the supposed caplin, and perish or are frightfully wounded in the attempt. Jigging is practised to a large extent all over the island. With the poorer classes this and the first mentioned constitute the sole means they possess of "catching their voyage," as they say.

The trawl is a very long and stout line, from which hooks are hung at the distance of about a fathom apart. These hooks are baited with caplin or herring, and the trawl is sunk to the bottom in the deep water, the resort of the largest fish. The trawls are visited frequently each day, when the captured fish are removed and the hooks fresh baited. The trawl lines are frequently half a mile or more in length, and contain many hundreds of hooks. If the fish have taken well it is very interesting to watch the fisherman as he takes the big cod of forty, fifty, and sometimes seventy or eighty pounds off the hooks, as they appear in quick succession

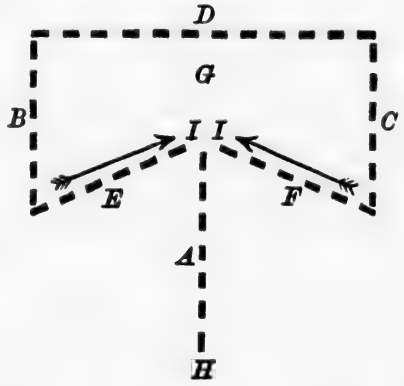
from the briny depths. Although trawls are set for cod alone, they gather of every kind—halibut, haddock, catfish, dogfish, and other varieties, being frequently found on them; and of shell-fish, scollops, oysters, and whelks, which are found on the dead fish.

The seine is the next fishing appliance to be noticed. It is a net of very considerable length and depth, heavily leaded on the foot, in order to sink it rapidly. A seine-boat crew usually numbers from four to eight hands, including the "master of the seine," who is also coxswain of the boat. When fish are known to be in the neighbourhood near the shore, the seine boat is manned, and the seine piled up in the stern, ready to be shot out at a moment's notice. Immediately the fish rise to the surface and break water, the seine is quickly shot round them, after which both ends are drawn to the boat, thus effectually enclosing the fish. The catch of fish is removed from the seine and placed in the boat by means of dip nets, which are only magnified angler's landing nets. If a larger number is enclosed than can be taken ashore in the seine boat at once, the remaining fish are placed in what are known as "cod bags," which resemble cabbage nets in all but the size, and safely moored until they can be taken ashore to be dressed and cured.

The use of what are called cod nets is similar

in all respects to that of the seal nets, which I have fully described above. I may therefore pass them over, without any further remarks, and describe lastly the use of what is known as the trap.

The trap is at once the most ingenious and the least laborious means of capturing the cod; it is also by far the most successful. It is wholly composed of nets, and like the seal frame, is placed in the run of the fish near the shore. When set it appears thus:—



All the nets, *A*, *B*, *C*, *D*, *E* and *F*, are placed perpendicularly in the water, the foot being sunk to the bottom by means of lead, and the head supported on the surface by floats, represented on the diagram by the thick lines. The space *G* is occupied by a net which forms the bottom of the trap and is always sunk. Net *A* is called the leader, and, as is shown in the diagram, extends from the body of the trap to the land,

H, where it is secured. The fish, in pursuit of the caplin, which always make for the shore, strike net *A* on either side, and being thus thwarted, immediately make for the deep water. In doing this they follow the leader, in a two-fold sense, and unconsciously pass through the narrow entrance, *I*, into the trap, where they are retained in safe keeping until removed by the fisherman. The position of nets *E* and *F* is such that the fish when once enclosed rarely find their way out again. As many as one hundred and fifty quintals of cod have been taken out of a trap at one time. If the fish "work well," as the people say, a voyage is easily and rapidly secured. The great expense of the traps preclude the possibility of their being possessed by the poorer fishermen, who must do the best they can with the barbarous jigger and the primitive hook and line.

We have seen all the various methods by which the codfish is ensnared and taken from his natural element; but his troubles have only begun. Let us see how he is treated ashore.

Every fisherman possesses a wharf and a stage, i.e. a house in which the fish are dressed and cured. When the boats laden with the mighty cod come to the wharf a busy scene is presented. Every member of the fisherman's family has to turn out, and perform his or her share of the work in the stage. The fish are thrown on the

wharf and into the stage by means of pitchforks. The ill-fated cod has now to undergo a series of transformations. The first person through whose hands he passes sends him on with his throat cut to a second, who mercilessly decapitates him, the entrails being removed with the head. A third removes the major portion of the backbone, and splits him. A fourth receives him thus torn and disfigured, and plunges him into a large tub of salt water, where he is well washed. Having had a good bath, he is taken out, and wheeled away with a number of his fellows to the place of salting. The fish are afterwards piled in heaps, or "put in bulk," in which condition they remain for about a fortnight, when they are a second time submitted to a bath. They are immediately piled again, in order that the water may drain off them. Here they remain for a day or two, when they are taken out and sun-dried. This is often a protracted process, as the weather is rarely continuously fine in the Summer months. At length the fish are cured, and only await the arrival of a vessel to be shipped off to feed the hungry multitudes scattered over the surface of the globe. The fisherman is always careful to retain a sufficient quantity of cod for the use of his family.

The people have truly to "make hay while the sun shines" during the fishing season, as the fish do not usually prolong their stay over the short

period of six weeks, at the outside. This is the case I know on the Newfoundland side of the Strait, while on the Labrador coast, notwithstanding the small distance across, they continue much longer, and a considerable quantity of fish is sometimes taken as late as October. The reason assigned for this is that the waters which wash the coast of Labrador are deeper than those on the other side. During this very short period sufficient earnings have to be made to supply a family, nearly always large, with food, clothing, and other necessaries for a whole year. Day and night the fisherfolk toil, rarely, if ever, being able to obtain more than two or three hours' rest out of the twenty-four.

What has struck me so forcibly with regard to the codfish in Newfoundland is its enormous abundance. And notwithstanding the hundreds of millions which have been caught, there is not the slightest diminution either in quantity, size, or quality. How unsparingly does our Heavenly Father bestow His gifts upon His unworthy and often, alas! ungrateful children! Naturalists tell us that the roe of a single cod contains two millions of eggs, of which, if all came to maturity, one cod would fill the ocean in a few years.

In a small cove near my residence the two families it contains caught nearly two thousand quintals of fish in the Summer of 1883, which represented at that time a sum of £1,200 cur-

rency, fish being 25*s*. per quintal. This abundant catch was, of course, exceptional, from four to six hundred quintals being considered a fair "voyage" for two families who can afford to possess traps. The poor man who can secure forty or fifty quintals with his jigger and hook considers himself most fortunate; although a young man told me a short time ago that he jigged no less than ninety-eight quintals of cod in one season, which was unusually good work, and spoke well for his diligence and perseverance. I believe the adage about the early bird and the worm is more applicable to the cod fishery than to anything else in the world. The early morning is most certainly the best of all times for fish.

Salmon are caught in more or less abundance both in Newfoundland and Labrador. The more usual mode of capturing them is by means of nets, which are placed at the mouth of rivers known to be frequented by this rich fish. A considerable quantity is also taken in the cod traps. On the Labrador coast, the Hudson's Bay Company trade extensively in salmon and trout, both of which are found there in great abundance, the latter often equalling the former alike in size and flavour. The salmon are, for the most part, small, but their flavour is very delicious. Salmon are quickly cured. Unlike the cod, they are split down the back, beginning from the left side of the

head. The entrails removed, they are at once salted and put in barrels, and the process is completed. They are sold from £3 10s. to £5 per barrel, according to size and quality.

It is said that in no part of the world are the herring finer or more abundant than in the water around Newfoundland and Labrador. In the North the herring fishery does not usually begin until the end of August or beginning of September, from which time until November they are caught at intervals. In the South and West they are taken throughout the Winter months in nets, which are let down through holes previously cut in the ice. This phase of the herring fishery is usually prosecuted in the bays, to which, as I have already said, the herring resort during the coldest period of the year. They are caught besides in the seine, and nets, which latter are placed at a convenient distance from the shore. They are overhauled in the early morning, and at other times during the day, if fish are plentiful. I used eagerly to await the return of the fishing boats from the nets, as I saw few more pleasing sights in the country than a boatload of silvery herring, with the fishermen standing knee deep in the midst of their beautiful captives.

Some idea of the abundance of this excellent fish may be obtained when I state the remarkable fact, related to me on good authority, that on

one occasion herring "struck the shore" at the same time on the same day all along the North-West coast of Newfoundland, from the Bay of Islands to Quirpon, a distance, roughly speaking, of certainly not less than two hundred miles. Here then was a shoal of herring two hundred miles long, and probably four or five miles wide.

The herring, like the codfish, frequently come perilously near the shore, but unlike the cod they rarely venture too near. On one occasion, however, soon after I arrived in the North, I took a walk by the sea-shore, during a gale of wind. There was a very heavy sea running at the time, and the breakers crashed like thunder upon the rocks. At a small distance from the shore I was attracted by what appeared to me to be a myriad minute flashes of silvern light amidst the breakers. After gazing upon the scene, I discovered that this scintillation proceeded from the glittering sides of a large shoal of herring, who were endeavouring to extricate themselves from their perilous position. They all got off in safety, except one poor unfortunate fish which was thrown ashore within a few yards of my feet. I would fain have restored him to his native element, but I always had a great weakness for fresh herring.

When taken ashore the herring are "pipped"—i.e. the entrails and gills are removed—salted, and placed in barrels, when they are immediately ready for exportation. They are sold

from 10*s.* to 12*s.* 6*d.* per barrel, price varying with the size.

I have spoken of the caplin in connection with the codfish, whose natural prey it is. In size and shape it somewhat resembles the sardine or sprat, but differing from both in flavour, which is excellent. Thousands of barrels were formerly used for purposes of manure, but I am thankful to say this terrible abuse of God's goodness is no longer permitted by the Colonial Government. A writer already quoted, referring to the caplin, observes: "We see what a source of profit the "sardines and anchovies are to the people of the "Mediterranean. Now I am quite sure that if "we had hands enough to cure this delicious fish, "it would take rank with these delicacies; and "like the codfish, the supply of caplin is in-"exhaustible."

Tons of caplin are annually thrown ashore and left to rot, the sight of which is truly painful. The people usually pickle and dry a small quantity for their own use. When required for bait, they are hauled in a seine for the purpose.

Halibut of enormous size and weight are frequently caught on trawls and in seal nets. I saw one of these fish taken ashore in the Summer of 1884, whose weight was three hundred and five

pounds. Although they abound, people give all their time and attention to the prosecution of the cod fishery, which is more profitable. A great many American schooners make annual voyages to Greenland and the far North, in pursuit of this fish, which they catch by means of trawls. They are nearly always successful.

Of lobsters and crabs there is no scarcity—the former of unequalled size and flavour, the latter small. A lobster factory near my residence used to receive and tin, on an average, five and six thousand per diem; and the manager told me that on July 15th, 1884, there were tinned under his superintendence no less a number than eight thousand three hundred lobsters.

Porpoises, dolphins, sharks, mackerel, flatfish, dogfish, catfish, lumpfish, sculpin, squid, and fish *ad infinitum*, including whales, teem in the cold waters of Newfoundland and Labrador. Furthermore, it is said by the inhabitants of the North, whose veracity is of course unimpeachable, that during the fishing season of a certain year, of date unknown, some fishermen captured a mermaid near S. John's islands in the Strait of Belle Isle, whom they instantly dissected, and—oh, dreadful fate for a mermaid!—*salted*. After such barbarous treatment, it is not surprising that no mermaid has since been caught by Terra Nova

fishermen. I would give worlds to know, firstly, who ate that mermaid; and, secondly, how she tasted!

Trout teem in every river and brook. In Labrador hundreds of barrels are caught annually, the fish ranging in weight from two to ten or twelve pounds. There is unlimited sport for the angler, who may fish for ever, free and unmolested, except by mosquitoes, which are the plague of the Summer season. There are few, however, who have the time to spare for angling, except on stormy days when the cod fishery cannot be prosecuted. At such times the fishermen go "trouting," as they say. The officers of Her Majesty's ships which cruise on the coast during the Summer months, thoroughly enjoy the fishing. The trout are not nearly so shy nor fastidious as their English cousins. Their highest ambition in the matter of fishing-tackle is amply satisfied with a long stout stick, a yard of coarse twine, and a hook; while for bait, they will take almost anything. The Newfoundlander's "trouting pole" is a gigantic affair, and very much resembles a telegraph post; but with this weapon, a line like a cable, and an enormous hook, dozens of trout are taken by the people in the clearest water. I have taken as many as two hundred in four days' fishing, from a small stream near my residence, five of which weighed four and a

quarter pounds. I used both fly and worm, the former always taking the largest fish. I have mentioned the mosquitoes; they were an intolerable nuisance! They used to "sarve me barbarous." My remedy was to daub hands, face, and neck with a concoction of tar and oil, which, wonderful to relate, used to deter even them from biting. In Winter, trout fishing is carried on under somewhat different conditions, when every pond, river, and stream is covered with ice from two to four feet thick. I have enjoyed many a good day's dabbling in the Winter, one of which I will briefly describe. On the 13th of April, 1883, armed with fishing-tackle, a small box of fresh venison, and hatchet, and clad in my warmest robes, with fur cap, sealskin gloves, Indian boots and snow-shoes, I set off in the direction of a pond famed for trout, the thermometer being several degrees below zero. Arrived on the pond, which was hard to distinguish from the surrounding country, the first thing to be done was to chop a hole through the ice, the hatchet serving in this capacity. After hard chopping, which warmed me considerably, I was cheered by the sight of water bubbling up from beneath. Having made a hole sufficiently large, about three feet in circumference, the way was clear for action. I then baited my hook with a bit of venison, and attempted to drop it through the newly formed

hole, but it had already frozen over thick enough to impede the progress of my baited hook, which rested on the ice. To remove this obstruction was the work of a moment, and my sport began. In the comparatively short space of an hour and a-half, there were lying around me on the ice the frozen carcases of fifty-two noble trout, which I strung and bore triumphantly home.

WINTER.

HAVING spoken at length of the Summer occupations of the good people in the North of Newfoundland, the reader will probably be interested to know something of their doings throughout the long long Winter.

At the conclusion of the herring fishery, the trading vessels, chiefly from Halifax, Nova Scotia, arrive and carry off the accumulated Summer produce of the people, who in return receive clothing and provisions for the ensuing year. After about the middle of October a vessel is not seen until the following May or June. Everything gives place to the frost, which soon asserts his kingly power and reigns supreme, separating the North from the rest of mankind, and making it a little world in itself. A dreariness and depression used to fall upon one after the last vessel had disappeared, and it was with a real effort that one resigned one's self to the prospect of the coming Winter. The little birds, and big birds too, had all gone away to warmer climates, while the denizens of the sea, which had

made the country such a busy scene in the Summer, had skulked away to their snug holes in the deep water. Everything seemed dead or dying, as if old Nature herself had fled before the stern influence of the North wind. The wind moaned piteously, the sea foamed angrily, and dashed its crested waves in impotent rage upon the beach, as if conscious of the near approach of the giant whose iron hand alone could restrain its mighty power, and subdue its pride.

At the beginning of November, all eyes are turned in the direction of the Winter houses, which are snugly built on a clearing in the midst of the sheltering woods. These houses are very necessary, the Summer houses being universally placed as near the sea as possible, where the situation is bleakest and most exposed to the severity of the weather. They are merely log huts, but are always rendered warm and comfortable. The chinks between the logs are calked, or "stogged," as they say, with moss previously gathered and dried. The hut usually consists of four apartments, two downstairs, and a similar number upstairs. These apartments are severally known as "the house" (kitchen), "room" (which may for sake of distinction be called a parlour), "outside loft" (room over kitchen), and "inside loft" (over parlour); in addition to which there is a small "back house" or "porch," built on the warmest side of the

hut, in which firewood is kept. In the kitchen near the partition stands a huge stove, like an engine boiler, in which there is always a fire like a furnace. The other kitchen furniture comprises benches, water-barrel, a table, hen-coop, a small dresser, and a "gun rack." At a short distance from the house stands the "wood pile," where "one hand is kept cuttin' all the day."

The men are now busily engaged in cutting firewood, of which indispensable article there is happily no lack, building and repairing boats, and netting. The women are equally busy in making soap with the cod liver, bootmaking and tailoring in preparation for the fast approaching cold weather. When snow has fallen to a good depth, the firewood previously cut is hauled to the Summer and Winter houses by means of kammutiks (the Indian term for dog-sleigh) and dogs, of which nine usually form a team. It is amazing with what skill the driver, who is nearly always a youth, guides the heavily laden kammutik down the steepest incline, or in narrow paths filled with dangerous stumps and other obstructions. If the snow is soft, the dogs have hard work to draw their load, as the kammutik clogs and sinks, but if the snow is hard they thoroughly enjoy the fun. I have ridden hundreds of miles on the kammutik in travelling from one settlement to another in the Mission of Flowers' Cove. Nothing can exceed the delight I experienced in that most

exhilarating and rapid means of locomotion. The impatient yelping of the willing dogs, and the cheery holloa of the driver, as we used to bound over the crisp ice and snow in the intensely clear atmosphere, made one's whole being tingle with happiness.

Without the aid of the invaluable snow-shoes or racquets, nothing could be done out of doors in the deep snow. Pictures of the Eskimo in his snow-shoes have so frequently appeared in missionary and other publications, that their appearance is familiar to most persons, and doubtless therefore to the reader. Nevertheless, a brief description of them may not be out of place here. They are composed of bow, bars, and "filling," as the insides are called. The bow is usually oval, and is always made of birch. The bars, of which there are two, are fitted within the bow, in order to strengthen it, and are placed about five inches from either end of the snow-shoe. The network inside consists of deer or sealskin, previously prepared and cut into narrow strips. The spaces outside the bars are severally the toe and heel of the snow-shoe. These are filled with more finely cut skin than the middle space, the Indian term for which is *tibeesh*, while the coarser filling of the middle space is called *babeesh*. Near the fore-bar is a hole for the toes, the snow-shoes being attached to the feet by leathern straps like those of a sandal. Everyone in my district made

his own snow-shoes, having more regard to use than ornament. But those made by the Indians, who consider ornament as well as use, are models of skill and delicate workmanship. Snow-shoes and kammutik are the only means of locomotion during the Winter, and without them life would be insupportable in the North. In the South of Newfoundland a snow-shoe is almost as rare a sight as it is in England.

The reader must not suppose that the dogs mentioned above are of the splendid race known as the "Newfoundland dog," as that noble animal is extremely rare in the island. I never saw one specimen during my stay in the colony. They are very inferior animals, of nondescript breed. They are a great nuisance, being nearly always fierce, and therefore dangerous. It is a matter of great surprise to me that the people have not long ago utilised the cariboo, which are found in large herds in the interior of the country, as the Laplanders have the reindeer with so much success. However, as the Colonial Government is about to provide roads in the North, a luxury at present unknown, the horse will doubtless be introduced and gradually supplant the dog.

The firewood having been brought home and safely piled, there is nothing very urgent to be done. This comparative leisure is devoted to hunting, a pursuit which forms a very important feature in the Winter occupations of the Northern

Newfoundlander. The game, which is tolerably abundant in the interior, consists of ptarmigan, Arctic hare, and cariboo, or deer.

The ptarmigan and hare, as is well known, become white in Winter, their Summer garb usually giving place to their warmer Winter garments in November; the reverse change taking place in April. These latter are found in considerable abundance quite near the coast, but the more timid cariboo makes his home on the distant marshes and well-nigh inaccessible hills. The game is all traced without the aid of dogs, which are used exclusively for hauling purposes. A hunting expedition is a formidable undertaking. A "crew" generally numbers from four to twelve "hands." If cariboo are the object of pursuit, two or more kammutiks with their teams accompany the expedition for the purpose of carting home the game; otherwise they are not taken. Every man is provided with snow-shoes, big gun, powder-horn, shot bag, large knife and "nunny bag." The nunny bag is an uncut sealskin with the hair left on, and is used for carrying provisions for the way. It is fastened to the back by means of broad leathern straps. The food taken usually consists of salt pork, bread, molasses, and tea. Cariboo are rarely found within twenty miles of home, and most frequently forty miles have to be traversed ere "signs of deer" appear. A rude tent is erected in the Indian fashion in

the vicinity of the game, to which all hands repair at nightfall. A good fire is kept burning throughout the night, round which all sleep on couches formed of branches of spruce and fir. In this manner, with the thermometer continually below zero, a week, fortnight, or even a longer period is spent. The hunters frequently suffer intensely from the cold.

When a herd of cariboo is seen in the distance one or two of the hunters are sent to turn them, the remaining members of the party meanwhile posting themselves in different places, near which the animals, when started, are likely to pass. This device rarely fails to secure game. When the cariboo fall, they are immediately bled, and when life is extinct paunched. They are then placed on a kammutik and hauled to the rendezvous. When sufficient game has been secured, the hunting party begin their homeward journey, which frequently occupies two days. During the expedition a goodly number of ptarmigan and hares is usually obtained, and occasionally an otter, beaver, or fox. The return home of a successful hunting party is a most interesting occasion, and often extremely picturesque. Each kammutik has its load of venison, while the various members of the party are ornamented with hares, ptarmigan, or other products of the chase. The entire party, including the dogs, appear jaded and fatigued, a matter of little sur-

prise when the hardships they have undergone are considered. If, as sometimes happens, more cariboo are killed than can be taken home at one time, the remaining carcases are either buried deep in the snow, or placed on a temporary scaffold, out of the reach of wolves and foxes. In the Winter of 1883–4 a party of sixteen met with unusual success, bringing down no less than fifty-eight cariboo within two days. The flesh of the cariboo is excellent, as is that of the ptarmigan and hare, all of which are similarly flavoured. The hunting expeditions are mostly undertaken by the younger men, the older men devoting much of their time to trapping and "furring."

Newfoundland and Labrador are very rich in fur-bearing animals, including the beaver, otter, musk-rat, marten cat, black, yellow, cross, and white fox, and the wolverine. The other wild animals are the black, brown, and polar bears, wolf, squirrel, weasel, porcupine, and mouse. Of the above, the beaver, otter, musk-rat, cat, bear, and porcupine, are eaten by the inhabitants of both countries. I have myself eaten beaver, musk-rat, and bear. The flesh of the beaver is very delicate, and resembles the flavour of veal. Musk-rat makes a passable dish, and on one occasion, when very hungry, I relished it very much. In September, 1882, while on my way to the Flowers' Cove Mission, on board the Church ship "Lavrock," we put in to Bonne

Bay, where the bishop purposed holding a Confirmation. The Missionary of Bonne Bay, the Rev. C. W. Hollands, invited the bishop, his chaplain, Mr. Curling, and myself, ashore to dinner, which all were glad to accept. Grace having been said, and other polite preliminaries dispensed, our reverend host astonished at least one of his honoured guests by the enquiry "Will you take some bear, my lord?" I had heard before of blackbirds being set before a king, but never till that memorable occasion of bear being set before a bishop. However, we were all treated to a portion of Bruin. I came a cropper after a mouthful, the good bishop made a capital try, but notwithstanding his lordship's repeated assertions to the contrary, with evident disrelish; the chaplain did fairly well, but Mr. Curling made an excellent repast on the beast.

During the Winter the white bear is not an infrequent visitor on the coast. When he has been seen or heard of a general terror prevails, and every male is most careful to carry a gun on every occasion. In the Winter of 1883–4, the footprints of six of these animals were seen together. Everyone was excited and appalled. Several bands of hunters armed to the teeth were organised, and frequent short expeditions were made into the interior, with the hope of destroying the innocent causes of so much alarm. On one of these expeditions a bear was

at last descried in the distance quietly resting in the midst of an extensive marsh, his cream-coloured shaggy coat being easily distinguished from the general whiteness around him. A thrill of nervous excitement shot through the party, and a consultation was held as to the best means of getting within range of Bruin. It was finally and unanimously agreed that this could only be accomplished by crawling on all fours, the distance being about half a-mile. Every man's blunderbuss underwent a minute inspection, and was fresh capped in order to guard against a probable miss-fire, which would spoil the sport and perhaps provide a means of escape for the bear. And now all hands are crawling over the snow in the direction of their stolid and unconscious prey, various members of the party making from time to time such significant speeches as "Hush, man!" and "Can't yer make less noise? he'll hear yer!" They are getting near Bruin, who shows no sign of moving; very soon they will be within shot of him. A hundred yards off now; ninety, eighty, seventy, sixty; bear still asleep. "Dear me, how he sleeps!" "Why, bless my soul, that's a rock!" says one; omnes, "So it is!" and forthwith confusion fell on the party who had made such an elaborate attempt to encompass the death of the supposed bear. None of the bears were shot, and they did not subsequently appear.

My experience as a sportsman is very limited, and is comprised within the limits of one eventful day, of which a true and faithful account is hereby given. In November, 1882, when the first snow fell to any extent, it was suggested to me, I having previously expressed a wish to have some sport, that a hare or ptarmigan might be found at a short distance from my lodgings. I jumped at the opportunity for sport thus presented, and glowing visions floated before my eager eyes. Accordingly, soon after breakfast, I started off for the scene of action, accompanied by a small boy who carried a very big gun. In a short time after leaving home we espied a track which, notwithstanding my grave doubts to the contrary, we both concluded to be that of an unfortunate hare, whose fate we thought a few moments would decide. To tell the truth the said track was suspiciously dog-like. Nevertheless, nothing daunted, on we went after the track, which led us, like an ignis fatuus, now through tangled and dense brushwood, now across frozen marshes and ponds. After going on in this way for about two hours with nothing in view but the wretched track, disgusted and disappointed, we gave up the chase. We continued our hunting for some time after this, but with no success. At mid-day we were on our way to "try another place," when a large white owl, whose flesh is considered a

great delicacy by the people, got up quite near us. Of course we ought to have fired at it; but we were so surprised at the apparition, that we could do nothing but stare at the fast-receding bird with mute astonishment. I remember grasping my gun very firmly at the moment the bird rose, wherefore I know not, except perhaps that I had an inward consciousness that it might follow the bird of its own accord, by way of reproaching me for my stupidity. I doubt if even Mr. Winkle would have so distinguished himself. However, we marked the owl to a bush in the near distance, and we followed him with the utmost confidence of finding and "peppering" him. But our eyes must have deceived us a second time, for on approaching the said bush as stealthily as possible, with finger tingling on the trigger, the owl could nowhere be found, fortunately for itself. We were determined to bag him had we discovered him, having mutually agreed, in the event of the first barrel bringing him down, to give him three more, "to make sure of him, you know." Shortly after the owl adventure, we found another hare track similar to that of the morning. This time the hare, without a doubt, was not far off; and so began another search. But after a very fatiguing hunt we were again defeated, and left the track wondering "wherever the hares could be." At this

juncture we sighted a house about a quarter of a mile ahead, to which we repaired to get a little refreshment. We related our adventures to the good man of the house, and assured him that we had seen hare tracks near his house, but had failed to discover the hare. He quickly rejoined, "Oh! there's no trouble to find her; show me the footin' and I'll soon show you the hare!" Having hastily consumed a cup of tea, we three sallied forth in quest of the hare. With a veteran hunter for a guide, I thought that, after all, we should get a little sport. But to our infinite chagrin and dismay, we were informed by our companion, when he beheld the abominable tracks, that "they were a fox's!" Completely crushed and worn out, we returned home without anything. So ended my first, and I may say my last, day's hunting in Newfoundland.

In the Winter, too, a considerable number of weddings take place, the festivities accompanying them being the only break which occurs in the monotonous routine of a Northern Newfoundlander's life. A hunting expedition, such as I have described above, always precedes a wedding, to provide food for the guests, who come in crowds, whether invited or not. It seems an understood thing that all the men, women, children, and babies of the neighbourhood should assemble at every wedding feast.

Marriages are invariably performed in church where it is practicable, but in the more remote settlements they are performed in the house of the bride's father.

In a Mission District, which only receives occasional visits from a clergyman, the Colonial Government issues a licence to marry to the most influential resident of the district, the contracting parties previously pledging themselves to seek the Church's blessings on their union at the first visit of a clergyman.

The marriage party are frequently driven to church on kammutiks, and they present a very picturesque scene. The women persistently wear the thinnest muslin dresses in the depth of Winter, and on no account will they put on warmer garments, to the great annoyance of their venerable mammas, who expostulate in vain. At the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, instead of the merry pealing of the marriage bells, a great firing of guns ensues in honour of the happy couple. At home all is bustle and confusion, in preparing for the hungry company which will soon arrive. Plum puddings, which are known as "figgy pudden," are in great demand, as is also what is called "sweetcake," a concoction of flour, yeast, and molasses. The fare provided for a wedding feast at which I was an honoured guest, consisted of twenty-seven enormous puddings, seven beavers, several hares

and ptarmigan, a corresponding supply of vegetables, some rum, I regret to say, and cake *ad infinitum*. The houses being for the most part small, the guests are usually served in relays, and I must give them credit for possessing the most alarmingly prodigious appetites I ever saw or heard of; but probably, like children in view of the "tea party," they denied themselves the pleasure of breakfasting in order to sharpen their appetites, and enlarge their digestive capabilities. The feasting over, dancing begins, and is kept up at intervals during three or four days, or sometimes a week. The newly-married couple, a house being rarely provided beforehand, usually spend the first year or two of their wedded life in the bridegroom's home, until he has built and furnished a house.

Early marriages were the rule in my district. They are commendable from a moral point of view, but they very frequently result in improvidence. A youth of eighteen years is capable of making as good earnings as an older man, but it does not therefore follow that a young girl is as good a housekeeper as an older woman would be; hence the improvidence I have spoken of.

During the winter of 1882–3, three mails only reached the Northern coast of Newfoundland, letters only being forwarded, in consequence of

the extra weight the transmission of newspapers and periodicals would involve. I was therefore in a sad plight as regards news, and I am afraid this state of things irritated me at times. However, I instantly stopped my complaining when I remembered that a brother cleric at Battle Harbour on the Labrador coast was hibernating without any communication whatever with the outside world. When my friend left his lair in the following June and appeared again in the haunts of civilisation, his first enquiry was, "How is the Archbishop of Canterbury?" Dr. Tait had then been dead six months. The being so far removed from the busy hum of human life was a real trial, apart from the necessary drawbacks and losses which it involved. In the following Winter the Colonial Government was good enough to give us a fortnightly mail throughout the Winter. It brought us not only letters, as in the previous Winter, but also the much-coveted newspapers and other periodicals. The mails had to be transmitted either by the help of kammutiks or on men's shoulders for a distance exceeding three hundred miles. But notwithstanding this our mail was only once behindhand, which was the more remarkable as the Winter was one of intense and unusual severity.

The arrival of the mail was always a time of great rejoicing. Thanks to the generosity

and thoughtfulness of good friends in England, I always received a liberal supply of newspapers, magazines, and other interesting reading matter. Too much praise cannot be given to the good people connected with that best of all missionary periodicals the "Little Papers," and the "Mission Parcel Society." Established by the late lamented Ann C. Maclachlan of Bath, they have raised up a noble band of Mission workers and sympathisers in England, whose ceaseless efforts and continued intercessions exercise an untold power for good in the Mission work of the Church abroad. Nor must I forget to mention with gratitude the grand work which is being done for the Church abroad by the Kilburn Church Extension Association, whose latest effort has been the establishing a clergy house of rest for foreign missionaries in London. "Great shall be their reward in heaven."

All the reading matter I received I used to distribute amongst those of my people who could read, who in their turn communicated its contents to their brethren who could not read.

They were very fond of news, and the more exciting it was the more acceptable. They loved most of all to hear about "the war." Their first question after the mail arrived was invariably, "How's the war gettin' on, Sir?" or, if there was no war, "Is there any war, Sir?" A negative

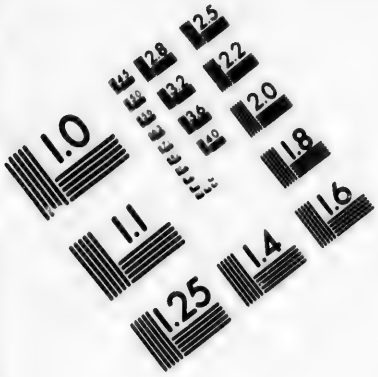
reply to this question was always received with dissatisfaction, I regret to say. They are a most loyal people, and faithful subjects of England's gracious Queen. Nothing used to grieve them more than to hear of the English army suffering a defeat in battle; and, on the other hand, it was truly delightful to witness their enthusiasm and the glow of their patriotism on the occasion of an English victory. They were extremely indignant with the Mahdi and his followers, whom they regarded as villainous and reprobate; and there was little love lost between them and the French.

In March, immediately seals have been heard of, the people return to their summer houses to enter once more upon the various summer occupations I have endeavoured to describe above.

BIRDS.

THE birds of Newfoundland and Labrador, which are very numerous, may be conveniently divided into two classes: (1) those which are indigenous to the countries; and (2) those which are migratory.

Of the former class are the ptarmigan, spruce partridge, mountain partridge, raven, white owl, jay, woodpecker, snow bunting, tomtit, sea duck, puffin, tur, mur, sea pigeon, divers, loon, hag-down, and gull. Of the latter class are the northern eagle, American robin, sparrow, fly-catcher, blue-bird, lark, several varieties of the hawk, horned owl, night owl, swallow, snipe, yellow hammer, curlew, plover, wild goose, black-duck, sheldrake, teal, widgeon, various kinds of sandpipers, bittern, bull-bird, gannet, hound, harlequin duck, gale-bird, twillick, and several other varieties of whose names I am ignorant. This list does not claim to be exhaustive, as I have only enumerated those species I have myself observed. I very much fear naturalists will fail to identify some of



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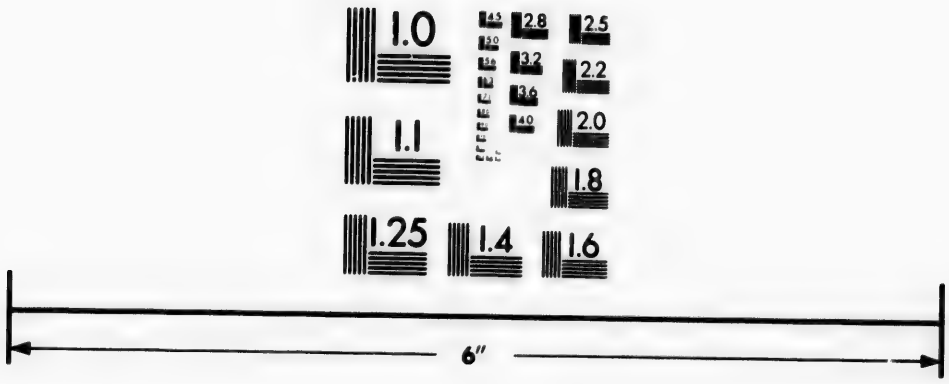

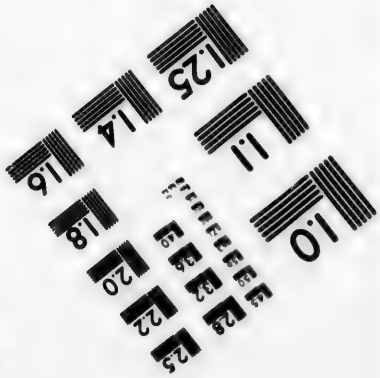

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those whose designations are, I think, mere localisms.

Except in a few cases, all the above birds breed in Newfoundland and Labrador; the numerous islands which are scattered along the coasts are much frequented by sea birds.

The wild goose, who appears in May, is usually the first of the migratory birds to arrive; but others soon follow when we are assured that "summer is now nigh at hand." I regret to say that the people, under the protection of a "Poor Settler's Act," passed some time ago by the legislature, kill these birds at all times, not even sparing them in the breeding season. Indeed, they are harder upon them at that time than at any other, for they visit the islands and carry away large quantities of eggs, and in very many instances kill the old birds. There is, of course, a great deal to be said for the people, whose health absolutely requires a change of diet in the spring, from the everlasting salt junk upon which they have subsisted throughout the previous winter; and this the flesh of these birds admirably supplies. But such wholesale destruction must, in the course of time, have the effect which is even now apparent, of entirely banishing the birds from the country.

"Goose hunting" begins early in May, and is continued until the beginning or sometimes the middle of June. During this time geese are

killed in considerable numbers, and a quantity of eggs secured. The chance of getting a few fat geese is really too good to be lost; and I really cannot find it in my heart to blame the people for making the most of it when it occurs. I have much enjoyed the leg of a goose in May, and have eaten it, not only without scruple, but with sincere gratitude.

As soon as the ice breaks up and water appears, ducks, turs, murs, puffins, and other sea birds literally cover its surface. They are now exceedingly tame, and therefore the more easily killed. Boats are out in all directions, each containing from three to seven "gunners," who wage war with the unlucky birds, of whom hundreds are slain. Feasting becomes general; and the horrors of perpetual salt pork are forgotten in the delight with which "fresh craft" is devoured. For days a fierce cannonade is continued, until "birds enough" have been obtained. After the ice has finally disappeared, and during the prevalence of certain winds, large flocks of ducks, divers, and other sea birds fly up and down the coast line in their periodical migrations; and in so doing cross the promontories, where they are killed in considerable numbers, the sportsmen being carefully concealed amidst the rocks.

The snipe arrives about the same time as the goose. He is careful to let every one know

he has come, by the curious noise he makes with his wings on his nocturnal flights. From this noise the people call him the "cuckoo," whose note it much resembles.

The curlew does not breed in Newfoundland or Labrador, but comes to these countries in large numbers in August, in order to feast upon the berries which are then ripe. Its flesh is delicious. After it has been feeding upon the berries for about three weeks, it is literally a ball of fat. The people hunt it indefatigably; and although it is so wild, usually succeed in making good bags. The curlew is always accompanied by large numbers of plovers.

It is said that the late Bishop Field was particularly fond of a curlew. On one occasion, while on a visitation voyage in the Church ship, a worthy old couple, knowing the good bishop's weakness in this respect, presented him with a brace of plump curlews. In return for their generosity, his lordship sent the old couple an invitation to dine with him on board on a certain day. The invitation, it is scarcely necessary to say, was gladly accepted; and at the time appointed the bishop received his honoured guests. In addition to other good things, the curlews were brought to the table. Grace having been said, the bishop, addressing the lady visitor, enquired what she would take, to which she replied, with a significant nod in

the direction of the dish containing the curlews, "I'll take one of them birds, my lard." Her request was not denied her. The bishop to the gentleman, "And John, what will you take?" John, with an air of condescension, "Well, my lard, I think I'll take t'other bird."

Of the many varieties mentioned above, the song birds are the American robin, sparrow, blue-bird, lark, tomtit, and others whose names I have not been able to ascertain.

The American robin is in all respects similar to the English blackbird, with the one exception that its breast-feathers are of a bright red hue. Why it should therefore be named after the robin which it resembles in only one feature, I am at a loss to understand. Its note is as rich and mellow, but its song is not so continuous as that of the blackbird. He is a capital weather guide; and before rain he may be seen perched majestically on the topmost branch of a tree, wildly carolling "for the rain" as the people say, who place the utmost reliance on his prognostications. He is a dear fellow, and "great company." The female lays three bluish eggs, and builds her nest usually in the thickest part of a spruce tree.

The more sedate sparrow resembles his English namesake in nothing but the hue of the back-feathers; his breast-feathers being spotted like those of the mavis. He is a fair and most indefatigable songster, and from "early

morn to dewy eve" he may be heard chanting his simple lays to the Master of all.

The blue-bird is a beautiful bluish blackbird, of delicate build. The notes of his song are generally very liquid, but he sings little.

The lark very nearly resembles the British woodlark in song, upward flight, and plumage; it also makes its nest on the ground.

Then there's my dear little friend tomtit, who used to stay with us all through the hard and bitter Winter, piping as sweetly in sixty and seventy degrees of frost, as in the genial warmth of Summer. I shall not soon forget how charmed I was on first hearing his familiar voice in the woods. Many a time afterwards, his twitterings were a real comfort to me in my lonely walks through the Mission.

The large white owl does not appear on the scene until the cold weather sets in. The people hunt him assiduously; his flesh being considered a delicacy. I would never consent to taste it; but when cooked it appears much like a fowl.

The jay resembles his British namesake in all but the plumage, which is of a much more sombre hue. He is the most audacious and impertinent fellow I ever met, not to mention his habit of stealing. He does not fear the approach of man; and if he spies a dainty morsel but an inch from a human foot, he will ignore the presence of its possessor rather than be deprived

of what he considers his very own. On one occasion in the Winter of 1883–4, while dabbling for trout in the manner before described, I witnessed the following scene. I had just thrown out my first trout, which performed a series of antics, after his manner, upon the ice. I beheld a jay on a neighbouring tree, and observed that he was gazing in a bewildered fashion at the performing trout, ever and anon twisting his head sideways in a most enquiring manner. I saw he was puzzled. After some further consideration, he came to the conclusion that the trout had been placed on the ice for his especial benefit; and quick as thought he darted down upon the ice, and took up a position within a few inches of the dying fish. He looked at his unconscious prey as if he were still in doubt as to the nature of the beast. Probably it was the first time he had seen a trout. At length, summoning all his courage, he advanced to the trout; and every time it moved, gave him a savage peck. He made several unsuccessful attempts to carry him off, not being able to do anything satisfactorily with him on the slippery ice. By this time a companion jay appeared on the scene, and to my intense delight, both performed a series of hops around the puzzling trout in a sort of war-dance fashion. This was continued for a few minutes, until at length, the jays, finding their prey too much for

them, gave him up as a bad job. But they were determined to possess themselves of something at my expense. I had placed my bait-pot, containing a few pieces of fresh venison, at some distance from me on the ice. It was discovered, and on looking round, I beheld my feathered friends just concluding a rich repast on the contents of my pot. The jays afterwards departed to the woods chuckling triumphantly.

The mope is very like the British bullfinch, only he is larger. He whistles very prettily on fine days in Winter.

The woodpecker and kingfisher are exactly similar to their British namesakes.

FLOWERS AND FRUIT.

THE flora of Newfoundland and Labrador is very varied, profuse, and beautiful; more so, perhaps, in Labrador than in Newfoundland. In May, a modest little pink flower may be seen peeping timidly above the ground in all directions. It resembles the primrose in form, differing only in size and colour. It is known by the inhabitants as the May flower. In a fortnight or three weeks these little harbingers of Spring disappear. They are immediately succeeded by a delicate yellow flower, similar in all respects but hue to its predecessors. In June, the earth is carpeted with a profusion of lovely flowers of a thousand hues, whose perfume, wafted by the gentle Summer gale, gladdens the hearts of all, and tells them that Winter, with its frosts and snows, has departed. Amongst these flowers I have observed several varieties of the violet, as well as the harebell, bluebell, marsh-marigold, daisy, and other fami-

liar wild flowers. The queenly water-lily is found in great abundance in some parts of the island; but not, so far as I am aware, in the North. In July, Nature decks herself in the most beautiful garments, but only for a very short period. At the beginning of August the flowers retire before the cold winds, which come on early in September.

Wild fruits are as plentiful as the flowers; amongst which I observed the following: strawberry, raspberry, two varieties of red currant, black currant, gooseberry, partridge-berry, squashberry, fo··ry, marshberry, bake-apple berry, whortleberry, blackberry, pear, dewberry, and maiden-hair berry. When the weather has been favourable to them, these wild fruits grow in the most prodigal abundance. But they are frequently destroyed by Summer frosts. Large quantities are gathered by the people, who preserve them with molasses for Winter use. The strawberries and raspberries are much larger than the British wild fruits of the same name. Of the red currants, one variety is identical with the British berry; the other, as well as the black currant, is small and hairy, with an extremely bitter, and to me, disagreeable flavour. The gooseberry is very small, and becomes red when ripe. The partridge-

berry, squashberry, foxberry, and marshberry, although differing from each other in some respects, are nevertheless much alike. They are small, red, and when ripe are very good. They grow on small shrubbery on the barrens and marshes. Their flavour is very delicious when gathered in Spring, being much improved by the snow which covered them throughout the Winter. Partridge-berries are sometimes so plentiful in Labrador, that barrels are gathered by the people and sent to the market in S. John's, where they are in great demand. This was the case in the Summer of 1883. The bake-apple berry very much resembles the British blackberry in size and form. In colour it is yellow; when ripe its flavour is, in my judgment, infinitely superior to that of the other wild fruits of the country. It grows on a single stalk, whose height never exceeds a foot. The whortleberry is very abundant at all times. The blackberry is not unlike the partridge-berry in size and flavour, and is the especial favourite of the curlew and plover. The pear, so-called, is a small spongy fruit, as unlike a real pear as possible in every respect. It is almost worthless. The dewberry resembles the raspberry both in size and flavour, although the plant is very small. The last to be mentioned is the so-called maiden-hair berry. By some it is considered the queen of native fruits.

It is small, oval and white. Its plant is very similar to the maiden-hair fern, from which it takes its name. All these berries, with the exception of the pear, make excellent jam, on which account they are much valued by the people.

A MISSIONARY JOURNEY IN THE NORTH OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE following is a specimen of the Winter work of a missionary in Newfoundland, as I experienced it.

I began my journey eastward on the morning of February 5th, 1883, and returned to my head-quarters on Saturday evening, March 17th, having been absent nearly six weeks. The weather throughout was intensely severe; much more so than within the remembrance of the oldest settlers, which they themselves assured me. The thermometer was invariably below zero, with the exception of a portion of one or two days; several times it fell to sixteen and seventeen degrees below, and once or twice to twenty-two and twenty-three. It will not be surprising, therefore, if I say I sometimes experienced a *little* cold. Three times only was I frost-bitten, and each time on the face; but not once, however, seriously. The ominous paling of the flesh, which indicates frost-biting, soon disappeared under the application of a

warm hand and a little snow to the place affected. On Monday, February 5th, I drove to the first settlement six miles off on a kammutik drawn by a good team of dogs. At this settlement I said Evensong and preached a sermon in one of the fishermen's houses, where I also slept. This is always the case in those settlements which are too small to support a church or school-chapel. A room, twelve feet square or sometimes less, packed with human beings, with a stove burning like a furnace in their midst, is a poor substitute for a church. The physical suffering involved in performing the Church's services under these trying conditions is sometimes intense and well-nigh unendurable. My usual impulse when I first entered a house was to make a rush at the nearest window, which was sometimes made to open, and more frequently, I regret to say, made to shut and remain so. I left this settlement early on Tuesday morning, and after a walk of eight miles, I completed the second stage of my journey. On the way, however, I called at several houses, in each of which I was obliged to have a "cup of tea"—a beverage, as it was always unavoidable, one learnt to call "the inevitable." I spent the night here, and said Evensong, preached, baptized and received three children, and held a confirmation class. During the Baptismal Office, each of the chil-

dren having in his turn cried, the mistress of the house, who possessed a strong masculine voice, addressed me thus, "Them children don't like you, Sir!" a proceeding which greatly disturbed my gravity. Here, for the first time during five months, I partook of some fresh beef; a *rara avis* in this corner of the world. On the following morning, which was Ash Wednesday, I said Matins with short sermon before leaving; and afterwards proceeded, again on foot, to the next settlement, seven miles distant. I was accompanied by a pilot now as always. My companion to-day was a pleasant, intelligent fellow, a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne, belonging to a ship which had been wrecked on the coast a few months before. He liked the place so well that he determined to settle here. This is the way in which a considerable portion of Newfoundland has been populated. Our way lay along the sea-shore. The sea itself was a huge ice-field, not a drop of water could be seen as far as the eye could reach. My pilot left me on arriving at his master's house, which was situated about half way between the next stage of my journey. He was replaced by his master after I had partaken of some refreshment. In a short time, after a brisk walk, I found myself at the end of my journey for to-day. Here I said the Church's Evening Service, baptized and re-

ceived seven children, preached a sermon, and held a confirmation class. My host and hostess were extremely pleasant old people, especially the latter.

On Thursday morning, I was early astir, as my next place of stopping was twenty-eight miles distant. While sitting at breakfast, I was surprised and not a little amused at my hostess coming to me and whispering in a confidential sort of way, "I'm just goin' to have a little smoke, Sir." I could not forbear a smile, and she withdrew to enjoy her whiff, I suppose. The early part of the morning was so rough that I did not attempt to proceed on my journey. About 10 A.M., however, it was considerably finer; and I prepared for a start, this time accompanied by a kammutik and dogs, with a driver. I was to enjoy this luxury for the first sixteen miles of the journey, at the end of which there resided a man who I was assured would walk the remaining twelve miles with me. The weather was bitterly cold, but very fine and bright for the first twelve miles of the way, when suddenly the rough weather of the early morning came down furiously upon us. I could only keep myself warm by running behind the kammutik. Our way lay along the edge of a desolate plain which was washed by the sea, whose desolation and solitariness were most appalling. To the left was the frozen sea;

beyond, in the dim distance, the snow-capped hills and ice-bound land of Labrador, in appearance the essence of barrenness, bleakness, and lifelessness. To the right, for miles, reached the aforenamed plain of ice and snow; while in the far distance, one could faintly discern a long black ridge of forest, which presented a refreshing contrast to the universal prevailing whiteness. The "going" was capital. In consequence of the very rapid rate at which we sped along, we had several narrow escapes from ugly tumbles. We arrived at the first stage of our journey just two hours after leaving home, notwithstanding the severe weather; when my driver pointed to what appeared to be a snow-drift, saying, "That's the house, Sir!" I was astonished, but could spare but little time to admire its architectural beauty because of the cold. We entered this said snow-drift through a broken door, and I found myself in quite a different abode from what I had ever seen before or since. True, it was a Winter house; but it was very miserable. I little thought that a time would soon come when I should value its shelter beyond all that was precious. It was about eight or ten feet square in its entirety, and so low that I could not stand upright in it; its walls were made with branches of trees, while their bark formed the roofing. The stove was almost as large as the

house, and was surrounded by a poor, wretched-looking woman with two children, and a funny old Irish woman, the "servant." The "master" was in the woods cutting firewood. I would fain have remained here for the night, as it was at least warm, but I could see no room; and, as the "master" was a Wesleyan, I determined to push on whenever that worthy would arrive. While he tarried, the "servant" prepared me a nice repast, consisting of excellent smoked salmon, bread, butter, with a strong cup of the "inevitable." The "master" soon returned. I found him both intelligent and cheerful, and he expressed himself most willing to be my guide to the next settlement. He ate his dinner, which consisted of salt pork and "duff," in great haste; and having finished he remarked, "You see, Sir, I have eaten pork in Lent." We began our journey at 3 P.M., my guide carrying my knapsack. The nature of the surrounding country was similar to that already described. The way seemed very long, and I began to feel slightly fatigued. The small settlement towards which we were travelling came into view at last, and for the remainder of the way I walked as briskly as was possible over the extremely slippery ground. We arrived at our journey's end just as the sun was setting beautiful and golden. I was thankful to find myself within the walls of a

cosy and warm little home. After tea I said Evensong, preached a sermon, and baptized several children.

On Friday morning, having bidden farewell to the affectionate people of this settlement, I continued my journey to the next settlement, five miles off, where there is a lighthouse. After a sharp run on the kammutik we arrived in safety at the light-keeper's house, where I put up. The lighthouse is pleasantly situated on an eminence overlooking the Strait, here about fifteen miles across. One was able now and then to obtain a glimpse of the salt water, as the ice was in motion. The cold was very great while I was here. I said Evensong on Friday evening, when there was a good congregation. The weather was too inclement to continue my journey on Saturday. On Sunday morning early, I proceeded to a large settlement two miles distant in order to hold the services for the day, accompanied by the light-keeper and his wife. The cold was intense. I was frost-bitten for the first time on the cheek. I experienced no pain whatever, and should not have perceived the bite had I not been told of it. The cold still increased, and the weather became so rough that we accomplished the last mile of the way with considerable difficulty and discomfort. We were thankful to find ourselves in a snug house, where we defied John Frost

to do his worst. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, a good congregation assembled for Matins. In the evening I said Evensong, and married two couples, who had before pledged themselves either to other before a layman. After supper I played an accordion which belonged to a young man of this settlement, by way of an accompaniment to hymn-singing; but, as its pitch was very high, it was by no means a success.

One is often reminded in this frigid region of the bright and smiling homesteads of Old England, by hearing the cheery crowing of chanticleer in the early morning and at other times in the day. His winter home is in a little wooden cage near the stove.

I was so cold in bed this Sunday night that I really believe my right ear was frost-bitten.

On Monday the weather had quite altered, and was almost warm. Such sudden changes in the atmosphere often occur in this country.

In the early morning I paid a necessarily short visit to every house in the settlement, and gave notice of Matins. When I returned to the house for service, I found it almost filled with women and babies, and "still they came," until the place was more than packed. By the time all had assembled the atmosphere of the room may be more easily imagined than described; I should think it a capital "black hole of Cal-

cutta" in miniature. I never performed such a fatiguing morning's work. I first baptized one infant, then received three others into the congregation; next married two couples; afterwards said Matins with sermon: this service had just concluded, when two more infants were brought to be received, and a third couple arrived to be married. This occupied exactly three hours, during the whole of which I continued standing as if in the midst of a furnace, bathed in perspiration.

Having consumed a hasty cup of tea, and thrown my stuff into my knapsack in the wildest confusion, I bundled on a kammutik which was in waiting, and with the aid of an excellent team of dogs went bounding across a frozen bay at lightning speed, towards the next settlement, seven miles from this last.

Here I had the great joy of meeting a true and faithful son of the Church. He said he had anxiously awaited the advent of a Church clergyman for the past four years. He appeared quite overjoyed to see me, and in the delight of his heart he exclaimed, "I'd rather see you, Sir, than the Governor of Newfoundland!" This good man had held the Morning and Evening Services of the Church on Sundays for many years. I found he possessed a well-worn copy of Bishop Beveridge's sermons, whose whole contents he seemed to have at his finger's ends. In addi-

tion to the labour already mentioned, he had taught all the members of his numerous family to read. For literature he boards the war ships of France and England which visit this coast periodically in the Summer months. I spent two nights in this settlement, held three services, preached three sermons, baptized and received four children.

On the Feast of S. Valentine I bade these good people farewell, and began the last stage of my journey eastward. I was accompanied by a kammutik, with dogs and driver, to the next settlement of Griguet, which was twelve miles distant. "The way was long, the wind was cold;" the parson, though not "infirm and old," was nevertheless in a melancholy plight. The way was no longer level and easy to traverse, but lay over high hills and steep declines. I felt no sort of fear as we flew down the glassy hill sides when I perceived the consummate skill with which my companion guided the kammutik. The wind blew heavily from the North-West, and the snow in consequence drifted very thickly. This so obscured the way at times, that we were forced to resign ourselves to the instinct of the dogs, who rarely miss a track over which they have once travelled, be the weather ever so thick and rough. After having journeyed for some hours, we at length found ourselves crossing the frozen harbour of Griguet,

sheltered on all sides by towering hills which seem to keep an eternal sentry over it. We soon sighted the school-chapel and teacher's house, and in a few moments I had forgotten the fatigue of my late trying journey in the genial company of Mr. and Mrs. B——, who had resided here for five years.

I had occupied just ten days on the journey from Flowers' Cove hither. As this settlement was one of the most important in the Mission, I arranged to spend three weeks in it, chiefly with the object of preparing candidates for Confirmation. During that time I visited all the Church families in the district, also spent two days in the neighbourhood of Quirpon, a small settlement five miles from Griguet. On the Sunday of my visit here I said Matins and Evensong, preached three sermons, buried a child, churched a woman, and baptized and received twelve children.

In Griguet I visited the school every morning for the purpose of taking the Catechism and Church History classes. On Wednesdays and Fridays said Evensong with sermon; on Tuesdays and Thursdays Confirmation classes, besides three services on Sundays. The happiest office I had to perform here was the reception into the congregation of an old man aged seventy years. He had been baptized in infancy, but had not subsequently been received into the con-

gregation, a defect he had never mentioned to a clergyman.

My time in Griguet expired on Friday, March 10th, and on that day, accompanied by Mr. B——, who expressed a wish to go as far as S. Anthony with me, thirteen miles, I bade farewell to it and the kind and genial hospitality of its people, and resumed my journey. Our way lay over high and rugged hills, all snow-covered, which rendered it extremely fatiguing. At mid-day we had accomplished five miles, which brought us to the first settlement I intended visiting in this direction. I had an unpleasant tumble on the slippery side of a hill which overlooked this settlement, and for a while I was unable to move, so intense was the pain I experienced in my right leg which had been twisted in the fall. I soon recovered sufficiently to get up, and in the afternoon to walk an additional five miles. I baptized and received several children here, and preached a short sermon. The refreshment provided for us consisted of intolerable sour bread, and tea sweetened with still more intolerable molasses. I could only take a very little of either. We were soon again on the road. I felt tired already, but as there were five miles to be covered before night I struggled on. I visited a sick Wesleyan on the way, who had expressed a wish to see me.

Just at sunset we arrived at S. Carl's Cove, where we intended passing the night. Having supped on codfish and tea, I at once prepared for Evensong. The whole settlement assembled, and, with my usual luck, we were packed uncomfortably in a very small room. I baptized and received one or two children here.

The following morning, which was Saturday, having first said Matins early, we set off for S. Anthony, a settlement three miles from here. Again our experiences were quite Alpine, as we had to climb the slippery sides of several hills. From some cause I suddenly grew very faint, and longed to rest. As S. Anthony was now just a mile away I held on, but with difficulty. Having completed my journey I retired to rest immediately, and slept soundly for a few hours, when I arose for Evensong considerably refreshed. Sunday was very rough; however a good congregation assembled at Matins and Evensong. I baptized one child. The few Church people of this settlement were pleased to receive their clergyman, and I was treated with the greatest hospitality during the short time I spent with them.

On Monday morning, having first baptized a second infant, I continued my journey, parting with Mr. B——, whose assistance I had valued much in the few days we had been together. We both left S. Anthony at the same time, and

both on a kammutik; he to return to the bosom of his family, I to continue my journey of visitation.

My journey to-day was twelve miles to the next settlement, where I arrived in good time. I found it a pretty place, and its people hearty, and apparently tolerably successful in life. I spent a night here, and said Evensong, and baptized some children. In the morning before leaving, I said Matins, churched a woman, and baptized a child. I met such a good old blind woman here. She seemed quite happy and contented. She sang a good deal, and spoke very cheerfully. To behold the serenity of her wrinkled face well repaid my journey. I left this place with feelings of great thankfulness, and with renewed vigour.

I was again helped on my journey by a kammutik and dogs. The next and last settlement in the Mission was nine miles distant. The day was fine, but cold. The "going" was capital, and the dogs excellent; the ride was therefore all that could be desired. We had one particularly dangerous descent to make to-day; but we did it safely and well, thanks to the watchful care of God and the skilful driver. At the end of seven miles we reached a small Winter hut in the woods, where I was asked to baptize two children. I was much gratified at the sight of some nice fresh fried eggs which,

with a cup of tea, had been provided for my refreshment. The sky, which had been cloudless all the morning, now began to be overcast, and masses of dark, heavy clouds floated threateningly over its surface; the wind too was increasing. I deemed it wise therefore to finish the remaining two miles of our journey without delay. The driver, with a promptness which would do credit to a West-end coachman, was soon "in order," and we started. Hardly ten minutes had elapsed, before we were overwhelmed in the most furious snow-storm I had yet experienced in Newfoundland. So thick was it, that it was an impossibility to see the dogs just a few feet before us. They, however, with that marvellous instinct with which Providence has endowed them, pressed on, and in the space of half-an-hour we arrived in safety at Lock's Cove. I found the people here were on the look-out for me, and I received the usual hearty welcome. Here, as in all the places before visited, I said Evensong, and baptized some children.

I arose very early the following morning, and having baptized another child, began a journey of twenty-one miles across the narrow neck of land which forms the Northern portion of the island of Newfoundland. I hoped to make my way to Eddie's Cove, which I had visited on my downward journey five weeks before, the residence of the old dame who smoked. I was

accompanied by a kammutik and dogs, with two drivers. The weather was fine, but severe. The dogs were wretchedly poor and spiritless. On and on we went, now over snow-covered barrens and frozen ponds, now through the thickest of woods, where the snow lay three and four feet deep. I was very cold. I managed, however, to keep myself tolerably warm for some time, by running or walking after the kammutik. We were journeying in a North-Westerly direction, in the teeth of the wind, which was piercingly cold. I could walk no longer, on account of the extremely slippery ice which covered the ground. I was therefore forced to sit on the kammutik and endure the cold. Suddenly the weather changed, and became thick as yesterday, only a great deal colder. I was frost-bitten once and again, indeed it was as much as we could do to keep the frost from claiming us altogether. The biting blast was too much for us to stem against, so we changed our course and steered due North, in the direction of the Winter hut where the "master" lived. It was seven miles away, and we were in the midst of the wildest country, at the mercy of the bitter elements, which battered us mercilessly. "How much farther is it?" was my continual cry, as I felt myself gradually succumbing to the frost. "Only four miles now, Sir," fell like a knell on my ears,

after having come such a distance that I felt we must be within a few hundred yards of our destination. The poor dogs became bewildered in the blinding drift, so that one of the drivers was obliged to go before them in order to guide them, while the other kept close to me, every moment casting anxious glances at me to discover frostbites if present. It was indeed the most anxious moment of my life. I prayed for strength to endure. "Just a mile from this ridge, Sir." Oh, what joy!—keep on, good dogs. "Here we are at last," in sight of the cabin I so much despised before. It was as welcome at that moment as would have been the sight of my home. I should have danced with joy were I not as stiff as a well-starched collar. How eagerly did we all rush through the doorway of the "snow bank!" and how gratefully did my poor cold body receive the genial warmth of the big stove! After tea I felt quite well again, and not anything the worse for my late adventure; likewise my companions and the dogs. We could not proceed any further to-day, so I prepared to spend the night in this queer hut. I said Evensong at 9 P.M., and preached a short sermon. The heads of the congregation, which was composed of four men, two women, and two children, were hidden from my view by a large beam which ran across the house. I soon afterwards retired to rest.

The bed! the bed-clothing!! If they had been of gold and velvet respectively, I could not have enjoyed better sleep than I did this memorable night, so thoroughly fatigued was I. The other poor people luxuriated on the floor by the stove all night.

Just before waking in the morning I dreamt I was once again in happy England, at the time of Spring. I heard the merry whistle of the ploughman, and the thrilling note of the sky-lark, as she carolled a welcome to the morning sun; and while gazing on the fresh green sward of a beautiful meadow, I awoke. The season was Winter, instead of Spring; the ploughman's whistle became the hum of rough, coarse voices; the carolling of the lark, the screaming of children; the beautiful meadow, a black smoky beam. Notwithstanding, the sweet impression of my picturesque dream lingered, and still lingers, nor shall I ever forget it. It cheered me immeasurably, and it was with a gay and merry heart I set out on my day's journey. My companions of yesterday accompanied me again.

The day was bright and warm. On our way to Eddie's Cove we saw a large seal sporting in a pool of salt water, between the huge ice-blocks which still filled the Strait. We wore coloured glasses, in order to protect our eyes from the glare of the snow. We arrived at Eddie's Cove about mid-day.

I might have proceeded to the next settlement, as I felt quite fresh, but deemed it best to give these people a service in the evening, and continue my journey on the morrow. I therefore as usual said Evensong, and preached a sermon before retiring to rest.

In the morning I started off in company with a pilot, on snow-shoes, and walked until 3 P.M., when we arrived at the first settlement I visited after leaving head-quarters. I spent the night here, saying Evensong and preaching a sermon before going to bed.

The following day I reached my home safe and sound. During the time I was absent I baptized and received into the congregation fifty-eight persons of various ages, married six couples, buried one child, churched several women, held a great many Confirmation classes, preached about forty sermons, and covered a distance, I am told, of from 200 to 230 miles.

Such are the life and work of a Missionary in the North of Newfoundland.

APPENDIX.

I. "BLACK'S" LOVE FOR HIS MASTER.

A YOUNG man residing in my Mission, named Richard Parmiter, possessed a dog of superior breed to those ordinarily found in Newfoundland, who answered to the name of "Black." He had reared him from a puppy. "Black" was the "head dog" of the kammutik team, and as such was the more valued and valuable.

"Black" conceived a great love for his master, which he exhibited in various ways. He had a weakness for pugilism, and would often have a stand-up fight with his owner, who encouraged it. He would say, "Now, 'Black!'" "Black" would immediately respond with a violent rush at his master, when the battle would begin in good earnest, both combatants dealing love with every blow. "That's enough, 'Black!'" invariably settled the dispute.

In the Winter of 1883, and a few weeks sub-

sequent to his driving me a distance of twelve miles with his kammutik and team, in which latter "Black" was at his usual place, Richard succumbed to a virulent attack of diphtheria.

From the moment of his master's death poor "Black" would neither eat, drink, nor sleep. He whined and moaned piteously and incessantly, and refused to be comforted.

The day following the funeral "Black" was missed. A search was instituted, and the faithful creature was found at the newly-covered grave, into which he had scraped a deep hole. He was taken home and made a prisoner. The day after he was again missed, and was again found digging at his master's grave. He was taken away a second time, but with a similar result: the poor distracted dog returned to the grave.

He was disturbed no more, but allowed to remain near the resting-place of him whom he so truly loved. Food was taken to him on several occasions, but it was as often refused. "Black" grew weaker and weaker as day followed day, but he was still faithful. After many days he was found lifeless on the spot where he had continued "faithful unto death."

"Black's" bones may now be seen on his master's grave, silently yet powerfully witnessing to the superhuman affection of one of the lower (?) creation.

II. A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD.

On the 2nd of December in the year 1883 there died in a settlement of my Mission called Savage Cove an old man of 90 years, George Gaulton by name. He was confined to bed for several months before his death, during which time I visited him as frequently and regularly as possible.

I repeatedly begged him to unburden his mind to me if his conscience were troubled with any weighty matter; but he as often assured me that all was well.

On the 4th inst. we committed his body to the grave. On the 15th inst. George Gaulton verily appeared in the flesh to a former acquaintance named James Shenicks at Port aux Choix, fifty miles from where he died. Shenicks told several people of Gaulton's death a considerable time before the actual tidings of it arrived.

The following is the account of the strange occurrence given by Shenicks:—

"I was in the woods cutting timber for a day and a-half. During the whole of that time I was sure I heard footsteps near me in the snow, although I could see nothing. On the evening of the second day, in consequence of heavy rain, I returned home early. I knew my cattle had plenty of food, but something forced me to go to the 'hay-pook' (a small stack of

hay). While there, in a few moments, I stood face to face with old George Gaulton. I was not frightened. We stood in the rain and talked for some time. In the course of the conversation the old man gave me a message for his eldest son, and begged me to deliver it to him myself before the end of March. Immediately afterwards he disappeared, and then I was terribly afraid."

The man Shenicks a few weeks after the event journeyed to Savage Cove on foot, and delivered the message entrusted to him in so strange a manner.

I was unfortunately some distance away when George Gaulton died, but his eldest son assured me that a few moments before he died his father made several unsuccessful attempts to say something to him, and in doing so passed away.

The above is authentic. I will make no further comment upon the extraordinary occurrence, but will leave it thus to the reader, who may ponder it at his leisure. I may, however, add that the nature of the strange communication has not transpired, nor, I think, is it likely to be known by any but those whom it concerns.

FINIS.

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